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Flower or Weed?

A foolish hope came up in my heart,
  Up, like a weed on a summer day,
Took root and sent out its fresh young leaves—
  And I could not say it nay.

I watched it spreading and growing strong,
  I saw one fair little bud, at last,
And the tears came into my eyes, I know,
  And I know that my heart beat fast.

I longed so to see one blossom blow,
  Or little bud all open wide,
But something happened or the frost crept in,
  And all in a night it died!

Empty and lonely I feel my heart,
  The winter time, it has come indeed!
For I know not yet if it were a flower—
  Or only an idle weed!

Moving Day.

I hope you are satisfied now, Marm;
  I hope you are pleased to-night:
We've got all the furniture in, Marm,
  And every thing seems to be right.
There's a knob, though, off your bureau,
  But the cabinet-maker is near:
If you will insist upon moving,
  I wish you would pay for it, dear!

Of course we can't have any supper—
  The dishes are all packed away;
Besides, the stove grate is broken;
  There are sandwiches, though, as you say.
You ought to have some in your basket—
  No, thank you, not any for me:
When you are a little more settled,
  I think I'll go out—and get tea!

The silver is safe in the closet,
  Except that the cream-jug is gone.
If taking on, Marm, would restore it,
  I'd willingly let you take on;
But it won't: I must buy you another—
  I'll see it's a cheaper one, too.
Your portrait is safe, as you see, Marm—
  Or was, till the stove-pipe went through!

Set the children down any where, Bridget—
  An armful like that isn't light;
Put them to bed if they're sleepy,
  But don't take their shoes off to-night:
Whatever room you go into,
  Nothing but tacks will you meet;
Every tack on its head is standing,
  To run into their dear little feet.

You'd better take care of your poodle,
  And put him to sleep in your muff;
If he happens to tread on a tack, Marm—
  They say that one tack is enough—
Look out at once for the children,
  For the days are uncommonly hot:
You may like to have the dog bite you,
  I frankly confess I would not!

Were there ever such fools as we, Marm?
  We were well enough off last year;
You liked the house when I hired it—
  "It is just what I wanted, dear!"
I bought new carpets and oil-cloths—
  What didn't I buy you, pray?
But nothing would satisfy you, Marm,
  But moving again to-day!

Have you been over the house, Marm?
  I have—and what did I see?
There are Croton-bugs in the kitchen,
  And a very industrious flea!
Why, the mice walk out of their holes, Marm;
  They are taking it mighty cool:
I think I know what they're thinking—
  "Here's certainly one more fool!"

Bridget, make up the bed for your mistress,
  And nobody sit up for me:
I'm going around to my club, Marm,
  For something stronger than tea!
I've but one thing more to say, Marm,
  In view of you and the day—
She was born on the First of April
  Who invented the First of May!

LOVE WON HIM.

Cyrus Ferriston and his mother were all that remained of the family. They lived together in a snug farm house in a district so rural that it hadn't so much as a name; it had only a number—Township Number One. The nearest neighbor was five miles away, the only religious exercises were held in Deacon Crocket's kitchen, three miles further off, while there was ten miles between them and the doctor. Cyrus was an energetic fellow, who farmed in summer and logged in the winter, that is, he usually took a contract to bring the drive of logs down from the woods; therefore he had been in the habit of borrowing Farmer Hutton's daughter Jane to keep his mother company and help her about the house, for a small consideration. Sometimes, too, Jane staid on through the summer, or returned for the harvesting when it was heavy; and at such times Cyrus always observed that his butter and cheese found a more ready market; that the house was more cheerful and better kept—for old Mrs. Ferriston was one of the slack kind; that provisions went further and relished better. But for all this he felt no inclination to marry Jane, as folks at Wheatfield had predicted when she first went up to The Numbers. Jane was called plain; and Cyrus had a prepossession that *his* wife should be rosy and dark-eyed, with the smile that conquers men. Jane halted in her gait the least bit in the world—*his* wife should have the step of a panther. She always dressed soberly, like a brown leaf, as if she would like to melt into the landscape—*his* wife should carry her fascination into the knot of ribbon at her throat, or the slipper on her foot. Therefore it was utterly out of the question, if we put any faith in logic, that Jane should become the wife of Cyrus.

But, alas! as it often happens, she had not wintered and summered at The Numbers for naught. When the neighbors had hectored her as she was about to leave home for the first season, and prophesied, "Well, Jane, I dare say it won't be long before you'll be changing your name to Ferriston," Jane had laughed at the notion, and had reckoned that Cyrus hadn't enough schooling to please her, and had thought that she could never be reconciled to spending her days in The Numbers.

"Folks as held their heads as high as you, miss, hev hed ter come ter it," they answered her. But when she became acquainted with Cyrus in his every-day life and thought, she found that he knew more than she had dreamed. He had a little library of books on a swinging shelf that he had made with his own hands, and had carved with deers' heads and oak leaves; he could talk with her about the heroes of Plutarch and the empires of the Old World, about election and free-will, and seemed to enjoy it. Jane had a taste for those things; and so it happened that as she saw Cyrus in his daily comings and goings, stripped of disguises, in his genial fireside humor, he grew in her favor unawares; in short, his manly attributes, his kindliness and good temper, and his handsome face won her heart without an effort on either side. He had so grown into her affections that one day when she overheard Deacon Smiley joking him about Agnes Price, her prophetic soul stirred in her with a mighty throe. Everything seemed to revolve before her eyes—the churn-dasher, the tins on the kitchen wall, and the andirons on the hearth; she was obliged to sit down on her way to the dairy and recover herself, with a tray of butter in her hands.

"It is too heavy for you," said Cyrus, coming to her relief, with his ready thoughtfulness, and taking the tray himself.

"He'll make a good husband, Cy will," said the deacon, while the young man's back was turned. "She'll be a lucky gall that gits him; and, between us, I ain't noways partial to that there Aggy Price. Highty tighty!—now, Jennie, why didn't you set your cap for him, and you right here at hand? 'Twould hev bin as easy as lyin'!"

"Would it?" laughed Jane, out of the depth of her silent misery.

Of course Jane should have left off loving Cyrus after this; but she didn't; and naturally he was as blind as others of his sex, and never guessed what an ache it gave plain Jane Hutton when he dressed up in his Sunday best, with the neck-tie she had made him on his birthday, and rode off to pay his court to Agnes Price, five miles across the country. She was always awake when he let himself in at midnight, and went tiptoeing to his room, and she lay wondering how it must seem to be loved by a man after your own heart. Her life seemed to promise to be all November weather.

But though The Numbers were so isolated, they had their merry-makings. There was a quilting at Mrs. Deacon Crocket's in Number Two, or a husking at Farmer Dusenbury's in Wheatfield, or a haying-bee at Deacon Smiley's, with dancing in the well-swept barn, hung with lanterns in the evening; and there were camp-meeting days, and now and then there was a wedding; and no distance was too far to travel, and Cyrus always harnessed old Dapple, and took Jane along with him, as Agnes would be going with her brothers; or, sometimes, if the road led that way, he would call for Miss Agnes, and Jane would sit on the back seat of the wagon and only guess at what was going on before her in the twilight, hugging her pain in loneliness of heart. Nobody knew but Jane was just as happy as the others who danced "chorus jigs" and "college hornpipes"; nobody ever would have known. Sometimes there was a preacher on the circuit, who went about from one Number to another holding meetings, and Cyrus and his mother and Jane put on their best, and went the rounds too; and Cyrus and Agnes helped at the singing, and lingered after the benediction. One week the preacher staid at Ferriston Farm, and asked Jane to marry him; and though Mrs. Ferriston was sorry to part with her, yet she advised Jane to think of it seriously, and went so far as to get Cyrus to talk with her about it. This was the last straw that broke the camel's back. Jane was sick in bed till the preacher left The Numbers.

"Dear sakes!" said Mrs. Ferriston, "if it's going to keel Jane over like this every time she has a beau, the fewer the better. Girls didn't used to take it to heart so."

"On the whole," remarked Cyrus, "I'm glad she didn't take to him. It's selfish, but how could we get on without her just yet?"

"I suppose you'll be bringin' a wife home one of these days. It's a pity you couldn't hev taken a likin' to Jane yourself, and she right handy in the house, and knowin' all our ins and outs, and no fault to find."

"'Choose the one that you love best.
Suit yourself, you'll suit the rest,'"

sang Cyrus. "Jane wouldn't have me, either."

"That's for *you* to say," returned his mother, thinking that the girl was unborn who would refuse her Cyrus.

Well, at one time they had Miss Agnes Price up at Number One to make a visit, and at first words weren't big enough to express her satisfaction. But she used to laugh at Jane's old-fashioned way of dressing her hair and cutting her gowns; and when Jane and Cyrus got talking upon their favorite themes, she would put on her bonnet and be off for a walk, and Cyrus would naturally follow without delay.

She wasn't happy unless Cyrus was praising her dress or herself, unless there were young folks invited over from the other Numbers and from Wheatfield for a frolic, or they were going abroad to some merry-making; and when nobody was present but themselves, she would amuse herself taking off the folks who spoke in the last revival meeting, showing how Elder Prosy at Wheatfield, conscious in the midst of a long prayer that the candles on the desk needed snuffing, groped for them with his eyes shut, snuffed them out between his thumb and finger, and threw the red-hot ends into a brother's new hat on the deacon seat; then she would follow this episode with singing "Coronation" gutturally like Deacon Crocket, and nasally like old Mrs. Quaver, and state how Deacon Crocket always omitted the blessing when they had pudding and milk for tea; and Mrs. Ferriston would look at Agnes over her spectacles, and shake her head in protest, but laugh in spite of herself. But by-and-by my lady began to suggest improvements in the house; there might be a wing built out here, the roof might be raised, the yard needed a new picket-fence; whoever heard of a house without a flower garden?

"I thought we had one, eh, Jane?" said Cyrus.

"Where ignorance is bliss!" returned Agnes. "Nobody has such old-fashioned things as marigolds, bachelor's-buttons, hollyhocks, and love-lies-bleeding in their garden nowadays; everybody laughs at 'em."

"I suppose the Lord made 'em," objected Mrs. Ferriston; and then Agnes openly confessed that she should die of the landscape papering on the best room, which Mrs. Ferriston had guarded from the flies for years as if it had been a gallery of paintings by the first masters; and, for her part, Agnes declared, looking out at the window, she hated to see nice fields about a house disfigured with vulgar-looking pumpkins and cabbages. After she went home Cyrus set to work quietly making some of the alterations she had suggested—for they were to be married in the spring—asking Jane's opinion and co-operation as if she had been a sister. In the first place he built on the wing, and he cut another window in Jane's room.

"You'll be able to see to prink better, Jennie," said he; "or maybe," on second thought—"maybe you'd rather have a room in the new wing? Take your choice;" for Jane's parents were dead, and she had now been living year in and year out at The Numbers.

"I shan't want either one or the other, thank you," she answered.

"Why not, I should like to know? Are you going to swing in a hammock among the trees?"

"I'm going to seek my fortune," she laughed, because she felt more like crying.

"Going away from here, Jennie!" he cried, dropping the hammer with which he had been driving nails. "Where are you going?"

"I don't know—somewhere." He paused a moment, as if he was trying to understand her, and perhaps his eyes were opened a crack; then he picked up the hammer and resumed his work.

"I never thought of such a thing, Jane"—between the blows. "There's no need of it. At least you'll stay—till—till—spring?"

"Yes, I will stay till Agnes comes," she answered.

The winter set in early that season, and Cyrus went, as usual, into the woods logging, leaving his mother with Jane for company, and a small boy to clear the paths and look after the stock. Few but those who live there know what a winter in The Numbars is like, when the snow hedges you about, week out and week in, and a passing team is so rare as to bring the household from kitchen or attic to watch it out of sight, and the wind whistles over miles of uninhabited country with nothing to impede it; when there is nothing to break the monotony of the long frosty days, which the almanac says are short, but homely duties, and the promise of seed-time and harvest.

It seems then as if no sun were potent enough to melt the mountainous drifts, built as miraculously as the coral reefs; and at midnight you wake up suddenly, and hear the wolves howling in the woods close at hand, and find their tracks about the sheep-pen next morning, and remember with a shudder that there isn't an able-bodied man on the premises. In such circumstances one needs to have vast resources in one's self to be in harmony with one's household and one's destiny.

When Seth Price joined Cyrus's camp he carried him a line from Agnes, saying that she should expect him down to watch the new year in and the old year out at the watch-meeting, if he loved her. Esther Smiley had offered to lay a wager that he wouldn't put himself out so much, and even Mrs. Deacon Crocket had said it wasn't likely, seeing he was sure of her; but she had set her heart upon showing them how much he cared for her.

It isn't every lover who could resist such an appeal, and though Cyrus didn't think it of the least consequence whether other people believed in his love or not, so long as it was a reality to himself and Agnes, yet he was doubtless flattered by her earnest desire for his presence, and if it would please her, why not go? It did not occur to him that it was as much a vulgar wish to make a parade of his regard for her as a desire to see him. It happened very luckily, however, Cyrus thought—and perhaps most people would agree with him—that the camp had run short of molasses, and one of the men was detailed to take a team and go to Wheatfield for a supply—for what was coffee without molasses? He started on the last day of December, and Cyrus with him, and he dropped Cyrus where the roads diverged, one leading into Wheatfield, and the other to The Numbers. There was a matter of ten or twelve miles between Cyrus and the Price farm when he left the team, but he had often walked further with a load of produce for market. The distance didn't strike him as being of any consequence; he had all his life been used to milestones. It had begun to snow some time before, gently, as if it meant no harm, and Cyrus was used to snow, too. But presently the wind changed and blew roughly, and tossed the flakes into his eyes, and the flakes themselves grew bigger and thicker, till they clogged his steps and blinded his sight and obliterated every landmark.

Still he trudged forward, cheering himself with the warm welcome before him, assuring himself that the way was as familiar as his own potato-field, till by and by he began to wonder if he were not watching the old year out by himself, if he had not been longer on the road than the distance warranted, if he had not missed the way, if it were not growing colder and darker every moment. He knew about as well where he was as if he had traveled into Nova Zembla, or had been cast away on an iceberg. He paused, and rested against the bole of a tree to collect his wits. There was no use in proceeding further on the wrong road. In coming to this decision he naturally sat down by the way to reflect which was the right one. He did not reflect long. Lovely images and colors floated before his mind's eye. He had reached the farm, and there was a great back-log blazing on the hearth for him, and brown eyes looking into his, and tender tones in his ears. Then he came to himself with a start, and sat upright, peering into the black night, upon which the storm seemed an inscription in an unknown tongue, waked by the rending of some great limb from the tree above him, which had fallen and pinned him to the ground. The dangers of his situation were too evident for conjecture. He would be frozen stiff before cock-crow, even if he were not dead of the blow first. Through the storm and the darkness he called for help, without daring to hope for it, put all his waning strength and despair into a few imploring cries, and fell benumbed with pain, with one leg crushed and broken. It looked very much as if he would bear the old year company.

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Jane had sat up later than usual that night, cutting a piece of stuff out of the loom, which she had finished weaving that afternoon. Mrs. Ferriston was sound asleep, and the farm-boy had gone to the watch-meeting; and as Jane raked up the coals on the hearth, she wondered if Cyrus was holding watch with Agnes—who had boasted that she would bring him down from heaven if she wanted him—and if he would be coming home to kiss his mother in the early morning. Then she went to the door to look out at the night, which was not more lonely than she, to bid adieu to the old year; and was it the shriek of the wind or a human voice that smote her ears?—a voice that sounded strangely like his. Oh, if it should be! if he were needing her!

At least somebody on that lonely waste was in trouble, perhaps dying. If she went to her safe warm bed and waited for daylight, she might never be able to get that cry out of her ears! So she raked open the coals and piled on the logs; she set a lighted candle in the window, and pushed out into the storm, with answering cries that help was near. The wind slapped in her face and shrieked about her ears till she half misdoubted herself; but destiny led her to where Cyrus lay, not a quarter of a mile from home. She was down on her knees beside him in the drift instantly, rubbing him with the snow that sifted about him, chafing his hands in her own soft palms, struggling with the imprisoning bough, letting the brandy trickle down his throat, warming him into life, with her cheek against his, and calling to him with all the tenderness in her soul, with all the endearing names that love invents; for in that awful moment she had forgotten that he belonged to any one but herself. Perhaps, in the gradual re-awakening, he may have caught the meaning of this, but he gave no sign of it. By her frantic efforts Jane succeeded in removing the limb that had fallen upon him, and having pushed and dragged it to a safe distance, she made a bonfire of it, which illumined the ghastly night fantastically, and kept the wolves at bay that were howling in the woods near. It was only then she discovered that his leg was broken! There was but one thing to do, however; she provided him with a counterpane of spruce boughs, as warm as wool, gathered dry fagots in the edge of the woods, and extended her blaze in a circle about the disabled man, like an Indian watch-fire; then she hastened home, and, as his mother was too infirm to give assistance, she yoked the steers into the drag—for old Dapple's slender legs could not flounder safely through the drifts—and urged them slowly across the untrodden snow, guided by the lantern, to the nearest neighbor, five miles away, who willingly left his warm pillow, and, with his son of fifteen, plodded back on the drag to where the watch-fires smouldered and Cyrus waited.

It was not long after this before Cyrus was safe in bed, with his mother and Jane administering to him, and neighbor Goodheart and the steers on the way for the doctor. But it was many long weeks before he left his bed; indeed, the drifts dissolved like magic, and spring had woven her spells in blade and bud, and the grass was long and ready for mowing, before he took his first step into the air, and then he leaned on Jane's arm, and walked with a crutch. The folks in The Numbers said he would always need to use a crutch, unless he preferred a cork leg. When the doctor from Wheatfield and beyond had decided upon amputation, Cyrus had sent for Agnes. Perhaps he had meant to give her her freedom, with a lingering hope that she would reject it; perhaps he craved the solace of her presence before his journey toward the Valley of Shadows. Nobody ever knew; it was only known that she refused to go to him! The people in The Numbers blamed or excused her, according to their natures and prepossessions. "She didn't promise herself to a cripple," "It's better to live unmated than ill-matched," "She's like to go all the way through the woods and pick up a crooked stick at last," "It's a poor kind of love that's scared at misfortune," were some of the current remarks passing from mouth to mouth.

And so the year wore through, and Cyrus could no longer go up the Aroostook lumbering, now swing his scythe in the meadow. He had to hire a hand about the farm. But while he sat at home with idle, impatient hands, inspiration came to him as he watched Jane laboring at her wheel, and he invented a spinning machine. About this time old Mrs. Ferriston slipped away out of life; and one day Mrs. Deacon Crocket rode over to engage Jane for her winter's weaving.

"You won't be needin' a housekeeper no longer, I s'pose, Cyrus," said she; "and folks allus talk so; so, thinks I, Jane hed better come home with me for the weavin'."

"Jane," he said—for Mrs. Deacon Crocket used an ear-trumpet, and was no kind of hinderance to love-making—"Jane, you promised to stay with me till Agnes came. Will you keep your promise?"

"Yes, Cyrus, I will, if you insist upon it," she answered.

"Jane and I," he said, speaking into Mrs. Crocket's trumpet, "are going down to Wheatfield this afternoon to be married."

Mrs. Crocket took the Price farm on her way home, for fear her news would spoil if kept over night.

"Cyrus Ferriston's goin' to be married," said she, "and no thanks to you, Agnes Price. Jane Hutton's a lucky gell."

"Do tell!" cried Agnes. "'Never swam a goose so gray but what could find its mate.' I always thought she had a hankerin' after him. S'pose I sha'n't be asked to stand up with 'em! What a figger they'll cut when they 'pear out together! I could never have borne to go limpin' along with a man like that all my days—it didn't look genteel."

"But they do say," continued her comforter, "how he's made a power of money out of that machine of his'n—it's jest like spinnin' gold. And they're talkin' about sendin' of him to the Legislation, and then I s'pose Jane 'll go too, and help represent."

A Farmer Boy's Minkery.

A correspondent of the Manchester (N. H.) *Mirror* tells the following: "I take it most of the sportsmen of Central New Hampshire know something of Ragged Mountain, the home of coon and trout, woodcock and foxes, and a few bears; and those who know the mountain as a matter of course know Uncle John Hilliard, whose cabin hides under the east side of the mountain, and who has for three score years and ten been quite content to brave the winter snows and summer suns, resisting all the temptations to desert his clearing and his friends of the forest for the enervating pleasures of village life. John's sons are chips of the old block—as stalwart and uncouth, as good shots and as wild, as opposed to luxury and as well acquainted with the denizens of the woods and waters, from which most of the food they have eaten has been secured. A year ago this spring, while prospecting upon the side of the mountain, John's boys found a family of mink—two old ones and four young. The young were quite small, 'fangless and furless,' and therefore valueless. The old ones were nearly as worthless, their fur being at that season both thin and poor, and, after considering awhile, the boys concluded to try and save the lot until the next winter, when their heavy coats of glistening fur would turn into many an honest penny. They accordingly went to work and constructed a rough box about twelve feet long by four feet high and six feet wide. This they carried to a brook near the cabin, and, by placing one end in the brook, so arranged it that by boring augur holes in the sides of the box, a brook ran constantly through it from side to side. The dry end of the box was filled with earth about a foot deep, and upon it was thrown a mass of green boughs and twigs, which were renewed as they wilted through the summer. This constituted the minkery, and into it were put the six minks, and during the summer others were added until the colony numbered twelve. They were fed on wild meat, the carcasses of woodchucks, hedgehogs and squirrels, and live fish which were caught in nets and put into the brook inside the box. The minks thrived and grew wonderfully, becoming as fat as pigs, and being quite as hearty. Last winter they were taken out and skinned, and their skins sold for $57.

The Loss of the Pilgrims.

The particulars which have just come to hand of the drowning of pilgrims from the steamer Laconia shows, says the Liverpool *Post*, that the disaster is by no means so serious as was at first reported. It appears that the Laconia left Alexandria for Tunis, Algiers, and other ports, with 943 pilgrims on board, including what are known as the "chiefs." These belonged to several different sects or tribes, among whom an intense antipathy exists, and consequently they would not associate together. The result of this was that although the 'tween decks measured 1,000 tons of available space, and was divided into five compartments for the accommodation of the passengers, a great number refused to go down, and the chiefs lying seasick in the saloon, could not exercise their authority. Matters were in this condition when, two days after leaving Alexandria, a huge wave broke over the afterpart of the ship, and fears being entertained that some persons had been washed overboard, the vessel was immediately brought head to wind, and kept so for twenty-four hours, but no one could be seen in the water. The loss, however, has been greatly exaggerated, the first report emanating from the pilgrims themselves, whose powers in this direction are well known. The ship's accounts show that, of the 943 pilgrims taken on board, 922 were landed, leaving only twenty-one unaccounted for. This number included the losses from all causes—as in cases of death the bodies are consigned to the sea by the pilgrims themselves, without the knowledge of the Captain; and when it is considered that, after a pilgrimage to Mecca and back, a great number would be much exhausted, and likely to succumb on the homeward voyage, most if not all of the deaths may be attributed to natural causes.

OF COURSE.—"And so they go;" one of the Portland school committee is reported to have said; "our great men are fast departing—first Greeley, then Chase, and now Sumner—and I don't feel very well, myself."

A SUICIDE'S ROMANCE.

Weary of Life and its Manifold Miseries.

Sixty years ago!—what a long way back it seems through the half-forgotten pathways of human life! How much of the winding, devious way runs through desert, with here a bit of it half hidden in long grass with tall buttercups, many on a stem, and there a stretch of sunny landscape; but these are mostly a long way off—at the beginning of the pathway! Sixty years ago! There is a village in the midland counties of England that was a village sixty years ago. It has not changed much in the interval. Fashion has not stolen away its rurality; business has not robbed it of its retirement and peace. It is the village of Amesbury. In 1814 there was not one of all its three or four hundred inhabitants unacquainted with the rosy cheeks, yellow hair, and prattling tongue of Little Tom Connelly, old Tom Connelly the cooper's son, who used to roll in the shavings his father's industrious arms accumulated in heaps before the shed where all the wooden churns, buckets, and tubs of the village found creation.

Those were the buttercup and sunshine days of little Tom Connelly's life At two o'clock on Friday morning an old gray-haired, pale-faced man was discovered by the police, huddled away beneath a cart in Cherry street, New York city, bleeding to death. It was little Tom Connelly, life weary of his plodding along the pathway that had been desert for so long a time.

There is nothing new, nothing very startling in this miserable romance. It is but an exemplification of what SidneySmith called then the tendency of the round peg to get into the square hole. No doubt there was a proper orbit for Tom Connelly to revolve in, if he had found it; a field of usefulness for him where his brain power or his sinew power would have availed to mold the circumstances of his life, so as to make life endurable to him, only he failed to hit upon it. Times become bad in England; bad all over Europe, in fact. Twenty years of incessant warfare had ground down the people with taxation. There was glory and Apsley House for Wellington, the savior of the nation; starvation and the workhouse for the saved. Peace made matters worse; a loaf of bread cost one shilling and twopence, and a man's hard day's toil was not worth a shilling. Evil days overtook the senior Connelly; the landlord and the tax-collector levied upon the poor, humble man's shed; out into the wide world with father and mother and bairns, the highway or the ditch or what not for the man who could not pay. That was humanity sixty years ago! All this is changed now. Witness Tom Connelly yesterday bleeding to death from a self-inflicted wound, because he had no friends, no work, no money, no home, and life had become unendurable to him.

Men do not easily lose faith in life's possibilities:

"To-day sad,
To-morrow glad,"

is a creed that Hope's benignant lips teach and all men willingly accept. Tom Connelly was no exception. He never married—he was too poor—and there were but weak ties to connect him with his native country. As best he could he picked up his father's trade of cooper, and with that for capital and his faith in life's possibilities for encouragement, came to this country many years ago. He can tell of gleams of comparative prosperity—the stretches of sunshine are in his life's pathway as in every one's. The country in which labor has its dignity had a welcome for honest Tom Connelly who came to its shores to work, but ill-fortune, false friends, ill-health,, and old age, with their cumulative shadows of despondency, deepening and darkening into despair, have blotted out the sunshine, and Tom Connelly, infidel to his own faith in hope, cut adrift from his creed of life's possibilities, went out into the darkness of the slums in this city of many homes to seek one in death's certainties. He may not die, but may come forth from Bellevue Hospital, where he has been carried, with a renewed faith in the possibilities of life. Human kindness may yet find sunshine for the close of his life.—*N. Y. Express.*

The Tichborne Estate.

The Claimant has not lost much in being deprived of the Tichborne estates, if all that is stated regarding them be true. He would have come into a barren inheritance, and is likely to live in a far better and an infinitely less embarrassing style whither he has gone than he could have done in the baronial halls for which he made so desperate a struggle. It seems that the estates will be lost in litigation by reason of the expenses attandant upon the recent trials. The trustees of the estate have had to bear the brunt of the legal proceedings, the costs of which amount to over $200,000, which is more than the value of the property. The Doughty trustees, who had charge of a portion of the property, and who were not involved in the suit for ejectment, express their willingness to agree to bear a certain proportion of the expense; but, as the agent of the estate insists that they should pay more than a fair proportion, they now refuse to pay anything. The result will be, either that the estate will be sold, or that the trustees of the two estates of the infant heirs will enter into a prolonged litigation. Arthur Orton can, therefore, if he cherishes any animosity towards the Tichborne family, hug to his heart the consolation that, if he could not have the estates, his adversarias are in an equally unenviable position. Certainly he is in jail, but even here he has an advantage, since the paternal government has kindly given him a roof over his head, while the Tichbornes are not so desirably situated. There seems to be something radically wrong in that law, which permits an impostor to legally destroy those he attempts to plunder, by putting them to a ruinous expense in order that they may defend their own against the rascally machinations. The moral of the affair seems to be that when a scoundrel cannot gain possession of an estate that is not his own, he can succeed in making it impossible for its rightful owners to keep it.

Treading on a Snake's Tail.

The latest snake story comes from Connecticut. Some workmen building a mill among the rocks on Westfield river killed a rattlesnake, and after severing the head from the trunk and cutting the rattles off the tail for a keepsake, kicked the head away into the sand and threw the trunk into the sun. A booted boy came along and could not resist the temptation to worry the dead snake. He trod on its tail, and the headless trunk of the reptile turned and struck the boot as if to bite. The frightened youth soon had an audience around him, and the experiment of treading on the snake's tail was repeatedly tried, with the same result. But another startling thing was observed. As often as the carcass coiled and struck the offending boot, so often and at the self-same instant the grim head, lying dissevered in the dust, opened its jaws, the deadly fangs protruding, and closed them with a snap.

THE ENGLISH FARM LABORER.

His Degradation, and Efforts in His Behalf—What the National Union is Doing.

Of all the degraded types of civilized man, says the New York *Times*, the farm laborer of the midland and southern parts of England probably ranks lowest in the scale. For generations he has been underpaid, underfed, reared in cottages where filth and neglect helped to stint the physical man, and where overcrowding deadened all sense of refinement in the moral nature. The man who is condemned to a lifetime of hard, exhausting toil, ought to be able to purchase nutritious food, or both bodily and mental vigor will become permanently lowered. A majority of the agricultural laborers of England had, for years, to find food and clothing for themselves and their families on the average wages of nine shillings a week. To a man so situated, meat was an unheard of luxury, and an occasional swinish debauch formed the solitary gleam of what he called the pleasures of existence. Education for his children was out of the question, because even had schools been provided, he had neither the money to buy clothes in which his children could attend school, nor was he able to spare the pittance which they began to earn at an early age by working in the fields.

No wonder that long years of such influences should have degraded the type of manhood, debased the standard of morality, and all but obliterated the self-respect of the agricultural laborers over three-fourths of England. Years ago, political economists and social reformers gave up "Hodge" as an irreclaimable lout and barbarian. Something, it was thought, might be done, after education had a chance to elevate the next generation; but the process was supposed to be beyond the reach of any remedy known to the social philosophy of the time. Here and there a more than usually energetic English clergyman gave evidence of his belief in the possibility of elevating even the adult laborer of the period. Men like Canon Girdlestone kept up the fight on his behalf for better cottages, garden allotments, and what not; others kept impressing on the sluggish intellect of the farmer's white slave that if the labor market was overstocked in one county, he had, at least, the liberty to move into another. At length came one resolute and clear-headed man—Joseph Arch—born and reared among this abject class, and showed them the way by organization, by combination, or, if need be, by emigration, to attain something like the privileges of ordinary working men.

The fruits of the labors of Mr. Arch and his coadjutors are already manifest in a decided rise of the scale of remuneration of English farm labor, and in the prospect of a permanent elevation in the condition of the laborer. Five years ago the existence of a National Union of Farm Laborers would have been thought a perfectly incredible thing. Yet, as the result of less than two years' agitation, that union possesses thirty-three districts, nine hundred branches, and 100,000 members. A few weeks ago, two hundred laborers in the eastern counties of England, whose wages had last year been advanced from twelve to thirteen shillings a week, demanded a fresh advance to fourteen shillings. The farmers took the alarm at what they thought the indefinite character of the claims put forward by the union men, and resolved to measure their strength with the laborers' association before it should become too strong for them. Accordingly, the farmers who, during the last few years, have combined too, locked out some 4,000 men on the simple issue of what they call resistance to "union dictation." Trades-unions are guilty of extravagances all over the world, but if any of them are fitted to command the sympathy of every friend of the species, it is the combination of the down-trodden and long-suffering farm-laborers of England. Were the farmers to succeed in crushing unionism among the laborers, it would be equivalent to the extinction of their growing sentiment of independence and self-respect, and to a resumption of the old perilous decline into dull, brutish servility.

Such a disaster is hardly to be apprehended. The National Union is able to pay $8,000 a week toward the support of the men who are locked out, and who fail to get employment in other quarters. It will probably be able to do so as long as the farmers can afford to hold out. Statistics show, moreover, that during the last ten years the number of agricultural laborers has decreased in England. This is partly due to their absorption into the working classes of manufacturing towns, and in a less degree to emigration. Both influences are likely to be felt in increased force during the present decade, and thus on the mere question of balance between supply and demand, the ultimate triumph must rest with the laborers. Meanwhile, representative farmers write in this doleful strain to the newspapers: "We also fully believe that should this Union get the mastery of us, (which God forbid for the sake of the laborer as well as the farmer), farming will become impossible in England, and we must look out for other sources of employment for our capital, or seek out other lands." The present movement will probably produce a more scientific system of culture in England, and a more judicious employment of labor than heretofore. In this way, also, it will indirectly raise the industrial status of the laborer.

About a Servant Girl.

A lady in this city has a stupid servant girl. Doubtless there are many other ladies similarly afflicted, but this is a specific case. The other day the servant girl was cleaning the silver in the kitchen and a begging tramp came to the door, and asked for something to eat. The girl left the door wide open and the silver on the table, while she went up stairs to ask her mistress what to give the man.

THE CENTRE REPORTER,

FRED. KURTZ.....Editor.

Centre Hall, Pa., May 21,, 1874.

TERMS.—$2 per year, in advance, 2,50 when not paid in advance.
Advertisements 20c per line for three insertions, and for 6 and 12 months by special contract.

Geo. F. Miller.

What has become of all the assurances iterated by Geo. F. Miller, President of the L. C. & T. RR., three and four years ago, that *he would push the road through with speed*, and have the cars running in 18 months time? Did Mr. Miller know what he was talking about then, or was he speaking for buncombe? These assurances of Mr. Miller have not to the one fourth part been carried out, although he received all the legislation he claimed was necessary to raise the means to go on with the work. Our people paid their stock several years ago, and patiently looked on and saw their fine farms cut up under the assurances from the President that they should soon be repaid for the great sacrifice by having the road in a few short months. All these promises and assurances were given by Mr. Miller several years before the late panic, and if only one half met, the road would have been completed, as it might have been, and as it should have been, at least 18 months before the panic came upon the country to put a temporary stop to all public enterprises. Our people have shown more patience under these delays and disappointments than can reasonably be asked, and there is precious little more of that virtue left in them, and for good cause, for they have been put to the test too severely.

The last report of the Penn's RR. Company shows that corporation to be on good footing, and declaring a semi-annual dividend of 5 per cent. The building of our road is a small affair for that rich and gigantic company, and the grading being nearly all completed westward as far as the Harris township line, what good reason can Mr. Miller give for the present vexatious delay? That's what the stockholders wish to know, and have a right to know. The farmer has seen his fields despoiled and there they lie thus, without any near prospect of realizing therefor those indirect benefits which were to follow the early completion of the road.

The annual election of the stockholders will come off early in June, and we think, with a majority of others interested, that somebody else should take the place of Geo. F. Miller, as President of the road, because, unless we misjudge the man, we believe he has shown too little energy and unconcern in having the work pushed forward. There has been too much liberality on his part in promises and assurances followed by a lack of go-aheadativeness, and the rate at which the work has progressed thus far, does no credit to President Miller's executive ability. There has been enough of hem and haw, and we want the puff of the locomotive instead. We have no unkind feelings towards Mr. Miller, and esteem him personally, but the tardiness with which our railroad has been pushed on, has reached that point when we can no longer keep silent, and in the name of the stockholders we demand immediate and speedy action, and if Mr. Miller cannot put new life into this improvement, why let him be set aside and some one be elected President who can.

Congress.

As the time approaches when the democracy of this district must put in nomination a candidate for Congress, it is proper to look about for the right person. This is the first time for an entire generation when a democratic nomination was equivolent to an election. In looking over the entire district there is but one man whose pre-eminent qualifications and fitness point him out as the proper standard bearer of the democracy at the present time, and this is Hon. L. A. Mackey of Clinton county.

Mr. Mackey, it will be remembered by the readers of the Centre Reporter, was the nominee of our party, four years ago, under the old district, which was black as the ace of spades, and when it required large sacrifice to run upon the democratic ticket. Mr. Mackey was then the only gentleman in the district who would undertake to face the foe, and although defeated, he made a gallant fight and beat down the radical majority to such a degree as to make Mr. Armstrong, his opponent, feel that he made but a hair-breadth escape. Now that we for once live in a thoroughly democratic district, we deem it simple justice that Mr. Mackey should again be our standard bearer, and that we tender him that which he alone was willing to shoulder when there was no hope to elect a democrat.

So far as our observation goes, we believe this is the feeling of democrats, and we are not aware that there will be any democrat to contest his nomination, which so far as we know, is generally conceeded.

Mr. Mackey possesses all the qualifications requisite for a member of Congress. He is as conversant with national affairs as any gentleman in the district, and is quite a good and ready debater, with sound sense and weight in every sentence that he utters, and, as a democrat, sound upon the questions of the day. Upon the intricate question of our finances, Mr. Mackey holds views at once in consonance with the great farming, and other industrical interests of the country. His views were clearly given when a candidate four years ago, in an able speech at the democratic mass-meeting at Centre Hall, and in other parts of the district. His views upon this vital topic, are in accord with those of Ohio's distinguished democrat, Geo. H. Pendleton. Mr. Mackey was at the head of the Lock Haven Bank, for a long term of years, until all those state institutions were taxed out of existance by the act creating the present National Bank system, a system which his bank and others were forced into; he has all along been unfriendly to the entire system, and will abandon it at the first moment that is afforded by the necessary legislation, for banks to return back as state institutions.

Mr. Mackey is a gentleman of the purest character; large hearted and liberal far beyond the most of men of his station. Cultured, high-toned and honorable in every respect, the district will be honored with him as its representative. We are glad to see that the democracy seem to point to him as the proper man for Congress. He will be a nominee to whom all honest men, of all parties, will turn, as one fit to have their suffrages.

The Knight Templars at Bellefonte.

This ancient and respectable order met at Bellefonte, in their beautiful regalia and held their convocation, occupying the 12, 13 and 14 inst., terminating in a grand parade and banquet.

The town was beautifully and splendidly decorated with ever-green wreaths, flags bearing emblems, and ensigns, &c., in every street, and from public and private dwellings, and the citizens of the place will be proud of the successful efforts in their welcome of the "Sir Knights."

The origin of the Crusaders, as the Sir Knights were called, took place in the tenth century (1095) when disorders of the feudal state, with the corruption of taste and manners, consequent upon these, were at their greatest excess. From that era we can trace a succession of causes and events that contribute to abolish anarchy and barbarism and introduce order and politeness. Among the few causes, says Dr. Robertson, "we must rank chivalry." The trader could no longer travel in safety; many not only plundered the merchants, but carried off the women that fell in their way. It became the business of all to discover and apply such remedies as would remove the prevailing disorders. Such was the origin of the honorable institution, generally represented as whimsical. The young Warrior among the ancient Germans, as well as among the modern Knights, was armed with certain ceremonies proper to inspire martial ardor, but Chivalry considered as a civil and military institution, is as late as the eleventh century. The previous disciplin and solemnities of initiation were many and singular, and none but those of high rank admitted—first in the character of a Page, afterwards as a Squire; nor was he admitted to the supreme honor of Knight-hood until he had given more striking proofs of his valor and address; after answering suitable questions the usual oath was administered to him, namely, to serve his prince, defend the faith, protect the persons and reputation of virtuous ladies, and to rescue, at all hazards of his life, widows, orphans, and all unhappy persons groaning under injustice, and oppression. Then the Knights and ladies who assisted at the ceremonies, adorned the candidate with the armor and ensigns of chivalry, beginning with putting on the spurs, and ending with girdling him with the sword, then the person who was to confer the honor of Knighthood, gave him the accolade or dubbing by their gentle strokes with the flat part of the sword on the shoulder, or with the palm on the neck, saying, "In the name of God, St. Michael and St. George, I make thee a Knight—be thou loyal and brave." Valor, humanity, courtesy, honor, were the characteristics of chivalry, and to these were added religion, which were productive of the greatest and most permanent effects both upon policy and manners. War was carried on with less ferocity—humanity no less than courage came to be deemed the ornament of knighthood, a distinction superior to royalty, and an honor which princes were proud to secure. Courtesy was recommended as the most amiable of Knightly virtues, and every Knight devoted himself to the service of some lady, and violence and oppression decreased. A scrupulous adherence, with the most religious attention to fulfill every engagement, but particularly to those between the sexes as more easily violated, became the distinguishing characteristic of a gentleman, because Chivalry was regarded as a school of honor, and inculcated the most delicate sensibility with respect to that point, and valor, seconded by so many motives of love, religion and virtue, became altogether irresistible. The spirit of chivalry often rose to an extravagant height, and Gregory VII had formed the project of uniting the western Christians against the Mohammetans in the recovery of the Holy Land; while the minds of men were thus aroused, a monk, commonly called "Peter the Hermit," aided the project of Gregory VII, leading the forces of Christendom against the infidels and driving them out of the Holy Land. Persons of all ranks flew to arms—computed at three hundred thousand men under the command of Peter the Hermit and Walter the Penniless; reaching the plains of Asia, Solimon, sultan of Nice, fell upon them and slaughtered them. In the meantime the more disciplined soldiers of the cross attacked the Caliph of Egypt, and after a siege of five weeks, took the city of Jerusalem and put the garrison and inhabitants to the sword. But this did not end the contest. In 1143 a second crusade was formed under Louis VII of France, which failed. A third crusade was raised to displace the great Saladin who had retaken the Holy City, this army of soldiers of the cross was under the directions of Philip and Richard kings of France and England, and after many severe and bloody battles, they succeeded in throwing the king of Jerusalem into prison. Then Richard concluded a truce with that monarch, stipulating that Ptolemais, Joppa and other sea-port towns of Palestine, should remain in the hands of the Christians, and every one of that religion should have the liberty to perform his pilgrimage to Jerusalem unmolested. Another crusade was formed under Frederick II, and those who took the cross were generally French and German; these Teutonic knights—Knights Templars and Knights Hospitallers, took a vow to combat and defeat the infidels, and in this they were successful, as Frederick II compelled the sultan to cede to him Jerusalem and its territory and all the country between Jerusalem, Tyre, Sidon, &c. In return for these concessions a truce was granted the Saracens for ten years. In 1244 Louis the IX of France makes a vow to engage in a new crusade. In 1248 he sets sail for the relief of the Holy Land, accompanied by his Queen, and all the Knights of France. In 1249 Louis lands near the city of Damietta, in Egypt at the head of 60,000 Sir Knights. In 1250 that place is abandoned to him, but afterwards besieged and retaken in consequence of the decrease in his army. In 1251 Louis visits Palestine, remains four years without effecting any thing, and thus ends the last crusade of the Sir Knights, being a period of two hundred years from its first inception, a spirit that had been produced and an institution had arisen more honorable to man than any other merely humane—this was the institution of Knighthood, which connected with Christianity.

The fine display of the order which we have just seen, was pleasing to the uninitiated, and the Sir Knights must be gratified with the honors done and civilities extended to them on their reception and sojourn by the citizens of Bellefonte.

On Tuesday evening the Sir Knights were enlivened by Gov. Curtin in his usual style. On Wednesday they paraded through the streets of the town under decorated arches, flags and emblems floating from every house along the route. Thursday was occupied in the election and instalation of officers &c. There were about four hundred Knights in attendance. It was truly a galla day to the Knights to be long remembered.

Sunbury & Lewistown Railroad.

We briefly noticed in our last issue, says the Lewistown Gazette, the sale of the Sunbury and Mewistown Railroad, which took place at the Philadelphia Exchange on Tuesday of last week. It was made under a decree of the Supreme Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, and by direction of James Pollock and Edward P. Mitchell, trustees named in a mortgage dated April 1st, 1870. This mortgage was for $1,200,000.

The attendance at the sale was large.

Mr. Freeman announced the terms of sale: Twenty thousand dollars cash upon signing the bid, and residue upon confirmation of sale and acknowledgement of the deed, provided, however, that the payment of the residue may be made in such bonds of the said Sunbury and Lewistown Company as are entitled to receive the fund arising from the sale upon its distribution.

Several notices of unpaid claims for damages in Mifflin and Snyder counties, &c., were read by different parties.

Mr. Freeman stated that he had been instructed by Gov. Pollock to announce that the notices will not affect the title to the road.

The sale then commenced. The first bid was $400,000. Quickly from another part of of the room came the word "one," and the bidding was carried on by two gentlemen in a very spirited manner until the figure reached $551,000. At this price the property was sold.

The purchasers were Samuel M. Zulick, Josiah Hart, Daniel Buck, Joseph D. Thornton, and W. Budd Deacon, who are understood to be a committee representing certain bondholders.

This is an absolute sale, and renders the stock and all bonds, except those used by the purchasers, worthless. Whether the land damages will come into the distribution, continue to be a lien on the road, or be thrown out altogether, will now have to be legally decided. The law which will permit a bankrupt railroad company to stave off the payment of such claims ought to be obliterated from the statute books, and one passed making the report of viewers final and a prior lien against any and everything in fact placed on the same footing as a mechanic's lien.

The Wealth of Pennsylvania.

The wealth of Pennsylvania is not only immense, it is solid. It is simply impossible to ascertain it within hundreds, perhaps thousands of millions. The best that can be done with the aid of such statictics as we have is to approximate it; that Mr. Bigham, head of the Bureau of Statistics, has done as well as could be from the information available.

In getting at the wealth of the State (says the Pittsburg *Commercial*) Mr. Bigham considers the State valuation and that made by the United States census officer in 1870. The State Assessors, with a solemn and wonderful regard for their oaths, report the real and personal property of the State at $1,171,968,977, while the actual value reported by the United States census officials, with no ward or axes to grind is $3,475,831,851—nearly three time as much as the State assessment.

The capital of the two hundred National Banks in the State is $202,913,732,12; of the State banks, $43,255,736,59; and of the savings bank, building and loan associations, and private banks $187,081,332,96. This makes a total of banking capital in Pennsylvania, in various forms reaching the aggregate of $433,250,801,66.

The value of the railroads of the State, canal companies, coal and mining companies and passenger railroads is estimated at a total of $353,913,734,60.

Next comes corporations aside from railroads, such as insurance, water, gas, express, oil, etc. They represent a total valuation of $26,000,000.

Merchants, wholesale and retail, are put down at $426,600,000.

Agricultural and farm and garden products $521,078,349,00, and manufactures of all kinds, $997,050,521.60. These figures the commissioner collated from the census report of 1870 and they constitute, as he has arranged them, the most detailed statement of the wealth of Pennsylvania heretofore published. The products in kind, and not in value, as estimated above, embrace, in bushels, wheat, rye, barley, oats, Indian corn, pear, beans, potatos, hay in tons, butter, cheese, hops, tobacco, wool, &c.

The mineral wealth of Pennsylvania it is impossible to estimate, but Mr. Bigham tries his hand at it for one year, with this result:

Anthracite	$85,181,583
Bituminous	24,913,272
Oil	29,616,000
Total	$129,716,855

The production of iron manufactures in 1870 was $127,000,000, and forty per cent. of increase since would bring the product of 1873 up to the stupendous aggregate of $177,000,000. The product of steel, copper, zinc and nickel, new industries in this State, falls below $40,000,000. A large class of minor industries, state, marble, limestone, sandstone, fire-brick and many others of like class, afford the Bureau of Statistics no date on which to make a statement, and, therefore, the Commissioner estimates these products at $20,000,000.

If we aggregate all these figures to get at the total wealth of our grand old State, we find that it reaches nearly seven thousand millions of dollars, quite an encouraging sum for the new constitution to start into the business of government with, backed as it is by the mind and muscle of not less than four millions of human beings.

According to the petition in bankruptcy filed by Governor Moses, of South Carolina, that illustrious statesman is in debt to the extent of a quarter of a million dollars, while his assets are estimated at sixty-seven thousand dollars. Among some of the items of indebtednes are butchers' bills two thousand, cigar bills one thousand, tailors fifteen hundred, "restaurant keepers"—this probably means whisky—three thousand, and a Baltimore furniture store he owes thirty thousand. This man has been governor to some purpose evidently.

The republican state convention meets at Harrisburg, August 19th.

ARKANSAS—BAXTER RECOGNIZED BY GRANT.

On the 15 President Grant issued his proclamation recognizing Gov. Baxter, as the rightful governor of Arkansas, and commanding all turbulent and disorderly persons (meaning the Brooks party) to disperse.

As soon as it became known, in Little Rock, the wildest excitement prevailed on the street. Never in the history of Little Rock, was there such cheering and general rejoicing. It is almost impossible for one to elbow his way through the excited crowd.

Men, women and children are rejoicing. The stores that were heretofore closed are now opened. Flags are now waving, bands playing and the people are wild with their exclamations. The President and Baxter are just now the two popular men in the eyes of the people of Little Rock. Hundreds of people are rushing to Baxter's quarters to congratulate him, ladies as well as men, white and colored. Ten thousand copies of the proclamation are now being printed in extra form by the Gazette, and the office is besieged with people to get hold of a copy.

The regular trains commenced running again on the Little Rock and Fort Smith railroad yesterday. The trains on the Cairo and Fulton road have been and now are running through unmolested by the political disturbances and assurances of protection of both forces.

BROOKS SURRENDERS.

Little Rock, May 16.—The Brooks' forces surrendered to-day. An agreement was made by which Gen. Newton, the commanding general of Baxter's forces is to send home without molestation all of Brooks men.

SHALL IT BE CONTINUED?

We notice, says the Pittsburg *Post*, that a strong effort is being made to get an extension upon what is known as the "Wilson feed" attachment to the sewing machine. The original patent for sewing machines has expired, and patents only remain upon the improvements, principal of which is the "Wilson feed." The proprietors of some five or six different machines have combined together for the purpose of not permitting other manufacturers to use it, and in this way machines are kept far above their actual cost. From the best information that can be derived, the manufacturer's cost for making an ordinary machine is only $11, while the cost of the box or table runs from $2,50 to $10. It is said that machines are now sold in the United States at $50, $60, $70, $80, and $90, are exported and sold in England and in all parts of Germany at from $25 to $35.

Taking these facts for granted; and they seem to be true, it is safe to assume that these manufacturers, by means of the combination that they have entered into realize some $6,00,000 annually for the machines that they sell in excess of a fair profit, and in excess of what they would get, should the patent upon the "Wilson feed" be allowed to expire. There can certainly be no claim set up that the inventor's assignees have not been fully paid for this improvement. The inventor himself never got anything for this invention, while others have been making use of it. The patent should not be extended but allowed to expire, so that the poor working women of the country may profit by the genius of the unpaid inventor.

If the manufacturerers can send their machines to Europe and sell them at from $25 to $35, there is no kind of reason why they should ask more than $20 or $30 for them in this country, instead of from $50 to $90 as is now the case. To extend the patents upon any of these improvements is simply to levy an outrageous tax upon the sewing woman of the country, who too often are only half paid for their labor. Congress should allow the patents to expire, and if necessary take such steps as may be required to prevent their extension or revival in the patent office, under any sort of a technicality.

The House of Representatives has a good chance to show what it thinks of polygamy. Delegate Cannon of Utah is the happy husband of four wives. His seat was contested by Mr. Maxwell, who did not so much pretend that he was elected as that Cannon was a polygamist, and therefore, unfit to sit with representatives in Congress. Inquiry into the facts resulted in the opinion that Cannon is legally entitled to the seat. The House then proposed to look into the moral conduct of Delegate Cannon, but some of the members, had no friends in the Senate, thought it would not be pleasant to continue the inquiry. The conclusion of the whole matter is that Cannon gets his seat and the House will think about his polygamous connections.

Under the title of "An Atheist's Funeral," The London Sun publishes an account of the burial of Mr. Austin Holyoke, who died in the full faith of negation, and passed his last hours in drawing up an assertion of his continued disbelief of the existance of a God. It is an astonishingly calm and sturdy statement, and referring to his terrible sufferings and the tendency of most skeptics to renounce their unbelief at the approach of death he says "they who under pain say they see the error of their previous unbelief, had never thought out the problem for themselves." Funeral orations were pronounced over the grave by Messrs. Watts and Bradlaugh. Both shrank instinctively from the assertion of their own gloomy beliefs, and could not, over the grave of their friend, give utterance to their conviction that he was nothing but dust. Even on his tombstone there was an inscription under which the most devoted Christian might rest, and before which his loving friends might kneel in joyful trust, "In Memoriam. Gone Before."

One Patterson, of Michigan, was a soldier during the late war, and was so unfortunate as to get into Libby Prison, and while there was beaten and bayoneted by one Major Cady, a rebel officer. The other day Patterson met Cady in Monroe, Mich, and reminding him of the beating, told him the time had come to square accounts and immediately proceeded to do that very thing. He gave Cady a terrible flogging, using no bayonet, however, in the operation. And then Patterson was arrested and find $25, and his friends paid the fine. When, probably, will that cruel war be over!

Mrs. Geo. Jenkins, a nineteen-years wife, aged 37, eloped with a friend of the family named Osborne on Monday last. The parties lived at Hollidaysburg. Jenkins is anxious to hear from the wicked pair.

Capt. Thomas S. Doebler, of Williamsport, cut his throat in that city, on Tuesday last. The act was committed during temporary aberration of mind. Life was extinct when he was found.

There was a large fire on Monday night in the Bastile quarter of Paris. Several persons were burned to death, and about two hundred were made homeless.

There is no abatement of the famine in Anatolia, Turkey. Reports from all sections of that country are of the most doleful character, many persons having starved to death.

The Carlists claimed a victory in the recent engagement between a body of Royalists under Don Alfonso and a force of Republicans. They say 350 of the Republicans were killed and wounded, and 300 taken prisoner.

The trouble among the coal miners and laborers of Durham, England, has again broken out. The strikers are turbulent and disorderly, and much distress among them and their families has already occurred.

Dauphin County, Penn., has a practicing physician only 18 years old.

THE PIGMY PEOPLE OF AFRICA.

Representatives from the Country of Takkatícat—A Puzzle for Darwinians.

[Bayard Taylor in the Tribune]

The Khedive spoke of a race of pigmies which had been discovered in the very heart of Central Africa, beyond the lands of the Nyam Nyams, and advised us to look at two natives of the tribe which had recently reached Cairo. On leaving the palace of Abdeen, therefore, we drove immediately to the house of the Nile, near Boolak, where they are now kept. On making inquiry the soldiers in the inner court immediately pointed out two small boys (apparently), wearing the fez, and dressed in jackets and trowsers of white wool. I should have taken them for children of some Ethiopian tribe at the first glance, and was not satisfied, until after a close inspection, that one of them was a full-grown man.

The soldiers brought the pigmies forward for our inspection. They came, half with an air of defiance, or of protest against the superior strength which surrounded them. A tall Dinka from the White Nile, blacker than charcoal, who accompanied them, spoke a little Arabic, and I was thus able to get a little additional information through him. He assured me that the pigmies were called Naam; that their country was a journey of a year and a half from Khartoum (probably the time occupied by a trading expedition in going thither and returning), and that the place from which they came had the name of Takkatikat. The taller of the two pigmies, Tubbul by name, was 20 years old; the younger, Karal, only 10 or 12.

The little fellows looked at me with bright, questioning, steady eyes while I examined and measured them. Tabbul was 46 in hight, the legs being 22 inches, and the body with the head 24. Head and arms were quite symmetrical, but the spine curved in remarkably from the shoulders to the hip joint, throwing out the abdomen, which was already much distended, probably from their diet of beans and bananas. Yet the head was erect, the shoulders on the line of gravity, and there was no stoop in the posture of the body as in the South African bushman. Tubbul measured 20 inches around the breast and 28 around the abdomen; his hands and feet were courteously formed, but not large, only the knee joints being disproportionately thick and clumsy. The facial angle was fully up the average; there was a good developement of brain, the intelligent eyes, and a nose so flattened that in looking down the forehead from above one saw only the lips projecting beyond it. The nostrils were astonishingly wide and square; the complexion was that of a dark mulatto.

The boy Karal was forty-eight inches high with the same general proportions. Both had wooly hair, cut short in front, but covering the crown with a circular cap of crisp little rolls. Tubbul's age showed itself, on near examination, in his hands, feet and joints, as well as his face. He had no beard, but was evidently of virile years. I lifted him up from the ground, and should not estimate his weight at more than seventy-five pounds. The soldiers related that neither of the two had learned more than a few words of Arabic, but that they talked a great deal to each other in their own language. At a recent meeting of the Egyptian Institute it was stated that the language of these pigmies has no resemblance to that of any other in Central Africa.

The country of Naan, or Takkatikat, or whatever may be its correct name, is reported to be an equatorial table-land covered with low, dense thickets, in which the pigmies hide. The Khedive told me they are quite warlike, and by no means despicable foes to their larger negro neighbors, since they are active and difficult to find among their native jungles. Dr. Schweinforth supposes them to be the pigmies mentioned by Herodotus. The Darwinians will hardly find an intermediate race between man and monkey in them. Their curious physical peculiarities, especially the curvature of the spine, the wide mouth, with fat but distinctly marked lips and the squareness and breadth of the nostrils are not of a simian character. In fact, they look less like the chimpanzee than several of the tall and athletic negro tribes.

A COUNTRY WITHOUT WOMEN.

As far as information extends, N. S. Dodge says, in the Boston *Congregationalist* there is only one territory of any size, and never has been but one, occupied by any considerable population, from which woman is absolutely excluded. A description of this singular spot, known topographically these 3,000 years, but the social peculiarities of which, though dating back many centuries, seems never to have been noticed before the Simonides MSS. controversy of 1863–4, may be readily given.

The highest promontory between Cape Race and Brazil is Mount Desert on the coast of Maine. Suppose this bluff to stretch some forty miles into the Atlantic ocean, varying in its width from two to nine miles across, and reaching at its extremity an altitude of 6,000 feet above the waters—to be attached to the coast by a low and narrow Isthmus, and to be clothed throughout with a woodland that was gay with flowers, rich with odors, merry with songbirds, and canopied by the brightness of all blue skies—and the reader will have before his mind's eye a general outline of the woman-less locality, as far as relates to its natural features. The son's of Eve are there, but none of the daughters. To all females it has been, so far back as history reaches, forbidden ground. Lest they should attempt to intrude influenced by the curiosity attributed by common fame to their primal mother. A guard is stationed to keep them out. So well is watch and ward maintained, that to some of the inhabitants who emigrated thither in early childhood, the idea of woman, whether as mother, sister or wife, is almost lost.

Reference is here made to the easternmost of the three tongues of land, which project from the north coast of the Greek Archipelago. It is the old peninsular of Acte—now called Monte Sancto—of which Mount Athos forms the terminating point—a conical mass of limestone shooting up abruptly to the height of 6,330 feet, with its base clothed with pines and its bare peak lighted by sunbeams, it has been for ages an object of admiration to mariners. From its chapel on the top, visited only on the 6th of August every year by monks to say mass, the Thessalian shores penetrated by clear blue waters. The Macedonian summits, and Pelion, Ossa and Olympus may be seen. In the days of inexpert navigation, its neighborhood was greatly dreaded. Xerxes, to avoid roughing the seas around its base, cut a canal across the peninsular. Greek pilots put far out to sea in old days to shun its dangers. And even modern navigation, with the advantages of steam, gives a wide berth to its uncertain waters.

Between this bold headland and the coast, occupying a plateau of moderate elevation, where cultivated fields are diversified with woodlands of chestnut and oaks, and big trees, and olives are indigenous, dwells a monastic confederation of Greek Christians. They have 23 convents, and number in all something more than 7,000 souls. On the hillsides, and all through the defiles and ravines, are scattered innumerable crossess and retreats, cells and hermitages. Though there conventianal houses are bound together by the tie of rengious solusions, the histoty of each is independent. Two of the monasteries claim Constantine as their founder! two others the Empress Pulcheria. Not one of the twenty-three dates its foundation later than the twelfth century. These fraternities had the prudence to submit to Mohammed II prior to the fall of Constantinople and received from him a promise of protection which has been respected ever since. Though the domain is part of the Turkish Empire, not a roof of it is claimed in property by the Sultan, or a Mussulman subject. An annual tribute of about $7,500 is paid by the whole peninsula, toward which the different societies contributes their share according to an assessment determined by their representatives. Each convent sends a deputy to a Diet, which manages general interests, and holds its sittings at Kavres, a small town occupied by carvers of crosses, and the residence of a solitary Turkish official, who collects the revenue.

At the entrance of the peninsula, few a soldiers in the pay of the monastic bodies are stationed, for the purpose of excluding intruders. No woman *in case vel posse*—is allowed to cross the frontier. The prohibition is of long standing, originated partly by superstition and partly for the better maintenance of ascetic discipline. Abruptly enough the rule is extended to every other female creature. Hence, from time immemorial no cow, mare, hen, duck, goose, slut or a she cat has ever been permitted to make acquaintance with hill or valley, farm-yard or kitchen of Mount Athos territory. But despite all this bares will pair, and birds mate, and every traveler who had passed a night under the hospitable roof of any one of the score of convents, knows that both the King and queen of Fleas keep their court there and reign over legions of subjects. But in their purchase of poultry to fatten, or dogs for the chase, or horses for riding, the monks choose males only. Of course there is no milk on the peninsula. If she cats are not tolerated, tom cats are in great favor.

Up to 1863 few Europeans had ever visited these monasteries. Since then not a few scholars, tempted by suggestions, about ancient papyri which Codex Sinaiticus controversy provoked, have every year been exploring the old libraries and turning over the musty MSS. The way is now plain enough, and a proper letter of recommendation unlocks all the secrets of the ancient houses. But in 1857, when Curson, an eminent paleographist, presented to the Patriarch at Constantinople, a letter of introduction from Dr. Howley, Archbishop of Canterbury, the long bearded dignitary gave the desired patriarch sheet to the English traveler. It acted as a talisman. The monastic authorities of Mount Athos paid him every attention. He visited the libraries, and explored the MSS.—would not presume to eat the ordinary—lived in a cell and did pennance on the mountain—became in fact so much one of the community as to gain a tolerable insight into their law of life. A monk who was his daily companion, told him his story. He came from a village in Rumenia, but did not remember its name. His parents had been massacred, and he put to a conventional school. He had never left the peninsula. His mother he did not recollect. A woman he had never seen, and his only notion of the phenomenon was put together by fancy and by hearsay. Another monk startled him by asking, "what sort of human creatures are women?" He had seen his mother only, and had forgotten even her appearance, having been a recluse ever since he was four years old. An amusing incident occurred during Mr. Carsen's stay in the house of the Turkish Collector at Karyes. One morning a cat and two kittens entered the room.

"Ah!" said the traveler. "how is this? Why, this is a cat feminine. What business has she on Mount Athos?"

"Hush," replied the host, with a solemn grin. "do not speak of it. Yes, it is a she cat. I brought her from Stamboul. But do not tell it, or they will take it away. It reminds me of my home, where my home, where my wife and children are living far away."

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All vehicles manufactured by him are warranted to render satisfaction, and as equal to any work done elsewhere.

He uses none but the best material, and employs the most skillful workmen. Hence they flatter themselves that their work can not be excelled for durability and finish.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER

THURSDAY MAY 21, 1874.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Our friends will oblige by sending us items of local news in their locality, give us the facts only, and we will put them in shape, also notices of deaths and marriages.

Any one sending us the names of six new subscribers, with the cash, will be entitled to receive the REPORTER one year free.

The REPORTER being read by nearly every body on this side of the county, where it has a larger circulation than any two papers, will be found the best medium for advertising business, sales, &c. &c.

—J. O. Deininger has just received a new stock of Hardware, and offers it exceedingly low. Picture frames of all sizes and styles. Go and see him.

—Mrs. Young, 19th wife of Brigham Young, is sick of the measles at Lewisburg, and is lying at the boarding house of Mrs. Duncan.

—The new instruments for the Millheim band have come to hand, and that town will soon be happy with lively music.

—Sternberg ain't dead nor buried, but he is alive and making the best cigars you ever saw. Orders left at the Boston Boot and Shoe store will be filled.

—D. W. Moore has retired from the Altoona *Sun*. Sorry to lose so excellent a gentleman and journalist. The *Sun* has gone into the hands of the Messrs. Barclay, gentlemen recommended as of the highest respectability, and under whose management the *Sun* will continue a live paper.

—The West Susquehanna Classis will meet in Boalsburg in St John's Reformed church, on the 20th of the present month [May] and will last all week.

—The mother of Squire Reckey, of Sugar Valley, residing at Rockbridge, Ill. is in her one hundred and first year, and enjoys fair health.

—On the 3d inst., the saw mill of Hoover, Harris & Co., near Graham station, Clearfield, was consumed by fire. Estimated lost $18,000. Insurance $10,000.

—The Pennsylvania Reserves will have their annual meeting at Bellefonte on the 4th of June. The following committee of arrangements has been appointed.

Bellefonte—Gen. Jas. Beaver, 148th; Gen. Wm. H. Blair, 51st; Capt. Thos. Hicks, 69th, Asst. Surg. Geo. F. Harris, 7th Cavalry; Capt. M. Runkle, 56th; Capt. R. Cheeseman, 45th.

Boalsburg—Lieut. Col. Jas. Stewart, 49th.

Centre Hall—Capt. H. C. Beamer, Pa. Cav.

Rebersburg—Lieut. S. M. Spangler, 148th.

Howard—Capt. Austin Curtin, 45th.

—Mrs. Ann Eliza Young, 19th wife of Brigham Young, lectured in Lewisburg on the 2nd inst. There was something remarkably fascinating in the general conduct as well as the lecture of this young lady. Evidently she is a lady of good education and refinement. She told her sad story in a manner that rivited the attention of all present. She went straight through, without hesitating, repetition or strained effort at elocution or oratory.

—A ROUSING FAMILY.—On Saturday afternoon a German family passed through Altoona on the emigrant train, en route for Nebraska, to settle on land purchased by them, consisting of twenty-one persons—father and mother and nineteen children. Of these thirteen were boys and six girls. Among the party were three pairs of twins, four of which were boys and two girls. They all spoke English pretty fairly and looked as though they might make a small settlement prosperous.—*Tribune*.

—We acknowledge the receipt of a notice that we have been appointed "an Honorary Member of the Pennsylvania Musical Association, comprising thirteen counties." Now see how we'll learn to whistle.

—Brown's *Republican* has suspended. Sorry for it, it was a lively paper. This journalistic death leaves two papers at Bellefonte. There is some talk of making a temperance paper out of the ruins of the defunct. Brown must now have the District Attorneyship, he busted his paper serving his party.

LATER.—Brown has got his "matters" fixed, and his paper will make its appearance again this week. May he never bust again, or ever get on a bender.

—Some of the Philadelphians didn't come to the Knight Templar convocation at Bellefonte, last week, because they sneeringly said "it was only a one-horse town." Comparatively, Bellefonte made as big a figure last week as Philadelphia will with the Centennial, only that the former did not need go begging from San Francisco to Cape May as does the Quaker City to keep her Centennial on foot.

—Judge Orvis has been holding court at Lock Haven. The *Republican* says he rushes business through systematically.

—The Pennsylvania Reserve Corps will hold its reunion, at Bellefonte, on June 4th, next.

—While Mrs. Wm. Bearly, of Lewisburg was washing on Wednesday last, a little daughter about five years of age, who was engaged in playing, accidently fell into a tub in which some boiling water had been put a short time before, and before she could be gotten out was so terribly scalded that she died from the effects on Thursday evening.

—Gen. Buchanan, of Spring Mills, has been bereft of his last brother, Admiral Franklin Buchanan. We deeply sympathize with him, as the hand of death has taken from him all his gallant sons, who did noble service for their country, his daughters, wife, another brother, all within a few short years, thus leaving our venerable friend alone to journey through life, having seen all who were near and dear to him, pass on before.

Admiral Franklin Buchanan died of pneumonia at his home in Talbot county, Maryland. His mother was a daughter of Thos. M'Kean, of Pennsylvania, a signer of the declaration of independence and also a Judge and Governor of this State. His father was a prominent Baltimore physician. He entered the United States navy at an early age, serving with distinction till the outbreak of the civil war, when he resigned his commission and finally tendered his services to the confederate States. His subsequent services to the confederates were among the noteworthy naval achievements of the war. At the time of his death he was president of the Maryland Agricultural society. He was aged 74 years.

—THE MAGIC INKSTAND.—The ink made by this wonderful invention never fades nor turns pale, but remains a brilliant glossy black. By the addition of pure water it makes enough to last an ordinary lifetime. Nothing so valuable has appeared in this country. Sold at two (2) dollars, at all stationers or by mail from R. C. Rost, Anthony & Co., New York.

NOTICE TO SCHOOL DIRECTORS AND AUDITORS OF POTTER TWP.—School Directors and Auditors of Potter twp., are hereby notified to meet at the Old Fort, on the first Monday of June, as the law directs, being the first day of the month, at nine o'clock A. M. to settle and audit the accounts of the Treasurer of School Board. The newly elected Directors will meet on the same day, and at the same place to organize new Board. PETER HOFFER,
W. W. ROYER, Pres't.
may 14 3t. Sec'y.

☞POLAND CHINA PIGS, the best breed known, are offered for sale by JOHN RISHEL, of Centre Hill, at $8 to $12 per pair, from different litters, and single Poland Chinas at $5 to $7. These prices to stand if pigs are bought within a reasonable time, otherwise there will be an advance corresponding with age. 14 may, 3t.

—Up—Curry's new house.

—Very cool Monday and Tuesday, and a little fire felt good.

—Rain on Wednesday and cool.

—Jake Harpster can make as big haul of suckers as the next fellow.

—Our farmers are not through corn-planting. The ground on the surface has become so hard and dry as to stop plowing, and rain is wanted to enable them to go on.

—Jacob Solt was awarded contract for putting down water route on Church St.

—Foote of the Berichter was in to see us, fresh and red as a wrothy gobbler.

—George Durst is having a new barn erected on the Nittany mountain farm. This is the place which some think so suitable for a county poor-house.

—Wils Love is not drowned—he didn't go down once or for the fatal third time even. Hadn't even got wet enough to need dry his breeches.

The Lock Haven correspondent of the Williamsport *Gazette* writes as follows of Judge J. H. Orvis and his manner on the Bench:

Court is in session, with Judge Orvis on the bench. Mr. Orvis was so well known in this region, and his superior abilities were so universally recognized, that his judicial success is taken as a matter of course, and scarcely excites comment. Yet, his extreme fitness for the position, while it was recognized and appreciated in every quarter, and his career promises to be more brilliant than was anticipated. It usually requires some time and practice to wear away the peculiarities of the advocate and substitute those of the judge. Few men who step from the bar to the bench accomplish the transformation at once. In the case of Judge Orvis, the distinction seems to be obliterated without apparent effort. For quickness of perception, promptness of decision, and almost unerring accuracy of judgment, the new judge exceeds most of such officials I have seen, even after many years of the occupancy of the bench.

SPAWLS FROM PENN.

A certain young man who is not very well posted on the geography of Centre county, started from Millheim for Howard, one day last week and unfortunately lost his way. But after examining into matters and asking the necessary information, he started out once more, and this time came out all right. We would refer him to the new county atlas.

The instruments for the bandmen have at length arrived, and new, throughout the length and breath of ye quiet Millheim are heard very queer and peculiar sounds, sometimes so ridiculous as to scare cattle.

We noticed the other day that some one has again found out a new way to keep the bugs from destroying the fruit. The way they do it is this: They fill a number of small bottles with coal oil, and hang them on the trees, how it will do time is to tell. But we think the Millheim bugs don't drink and so this will likely not do much good.

Mr. Daniel Geary near Penns Creek, while engaged in sharpening his mattock, last Friday, was unlucky enough to let it drop. It hit his big toe, and the consequence was a short division of the same.

They must have improved ovens or bakers in Brushvalley or our informant must have made a mistake in measuring their bread. He said he ate at a certain place where he got bread between 14 or 15 inches high. It might all be but we don't believe it.

On last Friday, a party of lads and lasses from Millheim started out on a fishing excursion. They went to Poe Valley and as is supposed, were fishing all day, but in vain. Some of the party were so anxious to angle ye trout that their disappointment caused the ladies to believe that they could not fish worth a cent, and next time they would go themselves and not be troubled with a set of boys that did not know anything about fishing.

Last week one morning as Daniel Geary and Aaron Zerby were on their way to Milroy, they saw a huge panther about two miles east of the Evangelical church. The animal followed them along the road for some distance, when the wagon in passing over a rock made a queer noise upon which the panther took to his heels and left them.

It is reported that the Gregg township school directors have passed a resolution to the effect that they would employ no other teachers than those that went to school at Penn Hall. That is rather thin if it is true, and if other townships would adopt a resolution that they would not have any Penn Hall students, there would be some strange faces peeping over the wall next fall.

It is reported that J. B. Kern, of Penns Creek, while fixing at a revolver accidentally shot himself through the hand.
10 S. C.

PENNSYLVANIA KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.

The following officers were elected by the Grand Commandery of Pennsylvania, May 13:

Grand Commander, Charles H. Kingston, Philadelphia; Grand Generalissimo, Andrew J. Kauffman, Columbia; Grand Captain-General, Wm. H. Eagle, Harrisburg; Grand Prelate, Robert H. Pattison, Philadelphia; Grand Senior Warden, Samuel B. Dick Meadville; Grand Junior Warden, J. P. S. Gobin, Lebanon; Grand Treasurer, John Mucklé, Philadelphia; Grand Recorder, Charles E. Meyer, Philadelphia.

PROTECTION OF SQUIRRELS.

The blunder in the game law of 1873, permitting squirrels to be killed from the 1st July, has been amended by a supplement which the Governor approved on the 17th April last, so that section 2 of "an act to amend and consolidate the several acts relating to game and game fish," approved 1st May, 1873, now reads as follows:

Section 2. No person shall kill, or expose for sale, or have unlawfully in his or her possession, after the same has been killed, any gray, black or fox squirrel, *between 1st day of January and the 1st day of September*, in each year, under a penalty of $5 for each and every squirrel so killed or had in possession.

ANOTHER EXPANSION BILL PASSED.

WASHINGTON, May 14, 1874.

The Senate unexpectedly finished the finance bill before adjourning to-day, passing it by a vote of 25 to 19. All the New England Senators, with the exception of Sprague, voted against it on the ground that it would result in expansion to a large extent. Senator Scott, of Pennsylvania, after having his amendment defeated yesterday, voted to-day against the bill. Shorn of its verbiage and detached from the machinery necessary to put it into execution, the bill provides: First, for the abolition of the bank reserves on circulation. This, it is held, will liberate about $35,000,000 of circulation, and to this extent it is expansion. Second, it provides for a coin reserve to be kept by the banks to be formed out of one-fourth of the interest received by them for their bonds deposited with the Treasurer of the United States. This looks in the direction of ultimate specie resumption. Third, it requires the banks to keep their reserves on deposits in their own vaults. It is the opinion of the Comptroller of the Currency that this will work contraction to a limited extent. Its object is to keep the country banks from sending their reserves to the great money centres. Fourth, it legislates the amount of legal tenders now issued to three hundred and eighty-two millions, and provides for their redemption at the rate of twenty-five per cent. until the sum is reduced to three hundred millions. That is, for every twenty-five thousand of legal tenders retired, one hundred thousand of national bank circulation is to be issued. This is the most important expansion feature of the bill, and it is estimated will result in increasing the national-bank note circulation about two hundred millions. Fifth, the retired legal tenders are to be funded into a gold-bearing four-and-a-half per cent. fifteen-year bond, which Senator Washburn and others maintain may be used for banking purposes the same as the six per cent. gold bonds are now used Sixth, the bill provides for free banking, and fixes the date for resuming specie payments at 1878. It is believed the bill will pass the House next Monday, under a suspension of the rules, without a reference to a committee. Whether the President will approve it is a subject of considerable speculation. Senators who voted against it predict, with a good deal of confidence, that he will veto it because, as they assert, it is a more reckless inflation measure than the eight hundred million bill which he has already vetoed. On the other hand those who voted for it say the President will sign it, as it contains a redemption clause, and also provides for resumption of specie payments.

The legislature adjourned on last Friday. Geo. H. Cutter was elected presiding officer of the senate.

There 850 bills received in the two branches, against over 4000 last year. The interference with private legislation under the new Constitution accounts for this.

THE ARKANSAS MUDDLE.

Another Encounter between the Rival Parties.

Little Rock, Ark., May 12.—Brooks still occupies the State-house and surroundings. Whether he intends to vacate or not under the President's instructions is not known. Both houses met this morning at the Ditter building. There were eleven Senators and forty Representatives present, lacking three of a quorum—one in the Senate and two in the House.

About three o'clock p. m. the Brooksites moved a company of infantry out to the rear of the Cairo and Fulton Railroad depot, with the view of stopping recruits coming to Baxter from the South on the four o'clock train. Soon after this General King White moved out with three companies of infantry and one company of cavalry to drive in the Brooksites. He encountered them in the rear of the penitentiary, and after sharp firing drove them into the building. About this time 200 men were sent as reinforcement to the Brooksites from the State-house. The Baxterites observing this movement, General Blocher was sent with two companies of infantry to reinforce White. He marched up Scott street to Fifth, and up Fifth to Arch street, where he encountered a company of Brooksites, and after a sharp fight drove them back to their main body; then falling back two squares himself, was reinforced by two more companies. About this time a company of Federal troops was marched between the opposing parties and the fight stopped, both forces returning to their quarters. White lost one horse killed and one man slightly wounded. Blocher had two men wounded. It is reported the Brooksites lost eight killed and wounded. Major Graves, of the Brooksites, was captured by the Baxter party. The affray was witnessed by a multitude of excited spectators from the house tops.

Little Rock, May 12—Midnight.—Since the skirmish to-day matters have been rather quiet. Two Two pieces of artillery and several companies of recruits are expected to-night to reinforce Baxter.

Baxter received a telegram from the President to-day asking if the Brooks party were preventing the members of the Legislature from assembling. Baxter replied in the affirmative, and that but for the stoppage of the trains by the Brooks force there would have been a quorum the first day. Brooks still occupies the State house, but is reported moving out with the records. No business houses have been opened to-day and the city is full of armed men.

LIFE ALONG THE YELLOWSTONE.

The Search Expedition's and Travels Trials—Pitched Battles with the Indians—The Party on the Return March.

Chicago, May 13.—A special despatch says that two members of the Yellowstone expedition have returned to Bozeman, Montana, and report the whole party returning. The command penetrated the country to near the vicinity of the Tongue river. From the 1st to the 30th of April the force was harassed the whole time by the Indians. Four pitched battles were fought, in which about 100 Indians were killed. The skirmishing was continuous and bands of from 100 to 1000 Indians were hovering around. The whole outfit is in a battered and exhausted condition. The party lost one man killed named Z. Yates, and two wounded; twenty horses were also killed. The members of the expedition assert that rich mines exist in the Big Horn Mountains, but the vigalance of the Sioux rendered prospecting out of the question.

A BRITISH CONSUL FLOGGED.

John Magee, British Vice Consul at San Jose de Guatemala, having incurred the displeasure of Colonel Gonzales, the commandant at that seaport, was summoned to appear at the office of the latter personage. Mr. Magee having excused himself on the ground of lameness was seized by soldiers and after brutal abuse and blows at the hands of Gonzales, who was only prevented from shooting him by the interference of friends, was sentenced to receive 400 lashes. Mr. Magee was thereupon prestrate on the floor, his clothing stripped from his back, and 200 lashes given him. The commandant colly kept tally of the strokes, and only desisted for fear the death of his victim would prevent the full penalty. Before the other 200 lashes were administered, however, Gonzales undertook to escape on the steamer Arizona, and was shot down by persons on the vessel indignant at his inhuman conduct. At the last intelligence Gonzales was not dead. If he survives his wounds he will doubtless be shot by the command of the authorities of the Guatemalain Republic.

FIRES.

An Entire Village Destroyed.

McGregor, Iowa, May 11.—A fire at Ridgway, Iowa, on Saturday evening destroyed the entire village with the exception of one brick building. Between thirty and forty families are rendered homeless. The fire originated by two boys lighting a cigar in an unoccupied house. The fire will result in a total loss of nearly one hundred thousand dollars.

DISASTROUS WOOD FIRES.

Buffalo, May 11.—The fires in the woods of Erie and Wyoming counties are prevailing to an alarming extent. Barns, farm houses and other property are being destroyed. The village of Elms, Erie county, narrowly escaped destruction.

GREAT FLOOD.

FRIGHTFUL DISASTER.

Northampton, Mass., May 16.—A special to the New York Herald says: Not far from eight o'clock this morning, the peaceful residents of Williamsburg were startled by the appearance of a horse dashing madly through the streets, while his rider shouted to the people to escape for their lives, for the walls of the great reservoir had given way, and the waters were coming down upon them. Scarcely comprehending the dreadful tidings, but with the instinct of self-preservation strong within them, the people began to

Rush From Their Homes,

while the foam-flecked animal, that had so gallantly brought the messenger, sank to the ground, utterly exhausted. Another horse was quickly secured, and the messenger was borne to other villages; but the alarm was so sudden, that all did not hear it, and

Scores where Caught by the Swiftly Rolling Waters

and aged grand-dames, innocent children, and strong men were alike overwhelmed by the flood, or crushed beneath the falling walls of their own houses.

Cause of the Sudden Alarm.

Up among the hills of Goshen there was a large reservoir of about one hundred and fifty acres in extent, where the various mill owners of Williamsburg, Skinnersville, Haydenville and Leed were wont to store their summer supply of water. The people living in the vicinity of the dam say it has been leaking more or less for several weeks, and it is believed that having thus gradually undermined the dam, the water acquired strong headway and suddenly the dam gave way, and the immense body of water poured out in its strength, carrying everything before it.

The Torrents Rushed Upon the Doomed Villages

with a loud roar, apparently a large advancing billow of underbrush and debris, issuing rapidly through the deep gorges to the height of forty feet, and again spreading out, a wide expanse of seething angry waves, as it reached the more open country.

Progress of the Torrents.

Reaching the beautiful village of Williamsburg, some two and a half miles distant, it struck a small button factory, sweeping it out of existence. Next, a saw and grist mill was attacked and melted, not a vestige remaining. Houses, barns and anops followed like grass before a scythe, and men, women and children borne away, struggling and shrieking in vain.

On, the waves swept to Skinnersville, two miles distant, a silk factory being hurled down, a huge iron boiler being carried nearly half a mile, and landed high and dry in Haydenville. About one mile further on, the bank building, a three story brick structure was swept away, scarcely one brick being left upon another, the money in the vault sharing the same fate. The small village of Leeds, between one and two miles distant, was the next place to suffer, and the scenes at Williamsburg and Haydenville were here repeated.

A short distance below Leeds were two bridges, one of iron and one of stone, both nearly fifty feet above the bed of the stream. They were both swept away, the former being carried bodily, and a considerable distance down the stream. Here the greatest destruction appears to have stopped, although all along the river, until it emptied into Connecticut, a short distance below Northampton, the banks are covered with all manner of debris, timber, trees, pianos, tables, chairs and other furniture.

Estimate of the Damage Done.

It is estimated that nearly one hundred buildings were destroyed, and the total loss is from one million to a million and a half of dollars, although, of course, it is impossible to accurately estimate the damage. The saddest feature of the whole affair is the

Great Loss of Life.

At first it was thought not more than forty or fifty lives were lost, but a more careful canvass of the villages visited give the total number of missing persons at nearly 120 as follows: At Williamsburg, 49; at Leeds, 39; at Haydenville, 34; there have been between 50 and 60 dead bodies already recovered, and on Sunday morning organized searching parties are to go over the course of the flood in search of others. There were

Many Narrow Escapes.

A butcher, named Michael Hernigan, was caught, horse, wagon and all, and carried along until he managed to get into the top of a tree and thus escaped. Thos. Finnessy was carried some two miles floating on some timber until he finally escaped. Jas. Manning was in like manner carried over half a mile. Charles Brady, after riding in imminent peril for a mile, escaped to a tree. Dr. Johnson warned his wife in season to permit her to escape in safety, but in trying to save his three children, he was caught by the flood and they all four perished in sight of the agonized wife and mother.

The bodies recovered were terribly mangled, and many of them were stripped of every particle of clothing, but most of them were identified by friends.

No man knows what a day may bring forth anywhere, but in France the hours even are pregnant with great events. Saturday morning nobody on this continent so much as dreamed that a Ministerial change was imminent at Versailles, and that a revelution to-day would be probable. Such, however, is the condition of affairs in the pretended republic. The Duke de Broglie has laid down the sceptre of office, and M. Goulard has picked it up. The Republican journals have broken out with a fierce demand for the dissolution of the Assembly, and the Extreme Right will move for the restoration of the Monarchy. These events will be pleasant news for the young man at the Woolwich Military School, who has all the shrewdness of his ill-fated father and far more patience, and will probably interfere with his studies today.

There is a report that the Florida orange groves have been attacked by a black fungus.

According to Prof. Snell of Amherst College, the late month of April was the coldest for 36 years.

DEATHS.

On 5, in Green twp., Clinton co., Priscilla, wife of Jonathan Confer, aged 40 years, 10 months and 1 day.

MARRIAGES.

On 13, Rev. S. Lane of Pittsburg Conf. M. E. C., and Miss Mattie Stiver of Centre Hill.

On the 17th, at the Luth. Parsonage in Hublersburg, by Rev. J. A. Bright, Mr. Benj. F. Shook to Miss Alice L. Barnes, both of Jacksonville.

Excelsior Cement.

The undersigned now manufactures Cement WARRANTED OF ASUPERIOR QUALITY, at his kiln, near Pine Creek Mills, in Haines twp. This cement has already been used in large quantities upon the L. C. & S. C. RR., and has been found highly satisfactory upon all jobs where it has been used, and as equal to any new manufavtured for use in CISTERNS, WATER PIPES, or whatever purpose a good quality of Cement is desirable This Cement has already been tested far and wide, and rendered the utmost satisfaction. Persons, therefore constructing Cisterns, laying Water Pipes, &c., will find it to their advantage to bear this in mind, and also, that he warrants the article as represented.

J. G. MEYER,
may 21 tf Aaronsburg, Pa.

MERCANTILE APPRAISEMENT

LIST OF VENDERS OF MERCHANDISE, &c., subject to License in the different townships, boroughs and wards in Centre County for the year 1874:

Potter Township.

	CLASS.	LICENSE.
Strohm & Swartz	14	7 75
Philips & Glasgo	do	do
A W Graff	do	do
Miller & Son	do	do
J A Reesman	do	do
J O Deininger	do	do
Wm Armagast	12	10 75
W J Thompson	do	do
S S Wolf	do	do
Wm Wolf	12	13 25

Bellefonte Borough.

Edward Brown sr	14	$ 7 75
Geo Pasig	14	7 75
Edward Brown jr	do	7 75
J Brackbill	13	10 75
Harper Bro's	10	20 75
H Yerick & Son	11	15 "
B L Batcheler	13	10 "
W T Twitmyer	14	7 "
H F Bartley	11	15 "
Isaac Guggenheimer	14	7 "
A Sussman	14	7 "
Burnside & Thomas	11	15 "
Philip Anhalt	13	10 "
John Powers	14	7 "
W & T S Wetsler	do	do
Seechler & Co	12	13 25
F P Green	13	10 75
N Beck	14	7 75
Mrs N R Dare	do	do
Theodore Deshner	do	do
J P Zimmerman	do	do
James Welch & Co	13	10 75
Fryberger & Moran	13	10 75
J E Palmer	14	7 75
F P Blair	do	do
H Y Stitzer	do	do
Wm M'Clelen	do	do
J & J Harris	10	20 75
Zellers & Son	13	10 75
John Montgomery	14	7 75
James C Williams	12	13 25
Philips & Glasgo	14	7 75
Loeb May & Loeb	10	20 75
E Joseph & Bro	do	do
D M Wagner	9	25 75
Heffer & Kline	10	20 75
Wm Brown	14	7 75
J F Steel	do	do
E Fortney	do	do
H D Zerger	do	do
Brokerhoff & Bro	10	20 75
Graham & Son	14	7 75
Miss M Bride	do	do
L W Miller	do	do
D W Woodring & Co	13	10 75
John H Sands	14	7 75
James C Williams	12	13 25
Wilson & Hicks	10	20 75
C F Frybarger	14	7 75
George Obrien	do	do
Hiram Hoffer	do	do
Hiram Hoffer (Billiard)	8	30 75
J W Cook	11	15 "
Lyon & Co	10	20 "
J D Sowerbeck	5	60 "
R C Cheesman	14	7 "

Benner Township.

F & J Beezer (distiller)	9	25 75
Lewis Haas (brewer)	11	15 75

Burnside Townsbip.

George Book	14	7 75

Boggs Township.

Shell & Markley	do	do
James Lucas	do	do
C Curtain & Co	13	10 75
McCoy & Ginn	10	20 "

Curtain Township.

Webber & Singer	14	7 75

Ferguson Township.

J R Smith (Pine grove mills)	14	7 75
J C Sample & Co	13	10 75
James Dunlap & Co	do	do
Thos. Bolinger	14	7 75
Clemson & McWilliams	13	10 "
Shorb Stewart & Co	10	20 "

Gregg Township.

Philip Shook	13	10 75
R H Duncan	14	7 75
I J Grenoble	do	do
J B Fisher	12	13 25

Howard Borough.

Lucas & Bro	13	10 75
Diehl & Brown	14	7 75
H B Grove	do	do
Samuel Brickley	do	do
Jenkens & Webber	do	do
James M Haffey	do	do
M'Cl Palmer	do	do
S F Kline	14	7 75
Mrs C E Allison	do	do
Robert Cook	13	10 75
B Webber	12	13 25

Howard Township.

R C Leathers	14	7 75

Haines Township.

B F Phillips	12	13 25
Shem. Spigelmyer & Son	do	do
M M Musser	13	10 75
Young, Wilson & Diehl	do	do

Harris Township.

Daniel Hess	13	10 75
J J Price	14	7 75
George Jack & Son	do	do
S H Stover	13	10 75
John O'Sheneberger	14	7 75
James T Stuart	do	do
D F Taylor	13	10 75
Kreamer & Eckenroth	do	do
L M Houser	14	7 75
Cyrus Wasson	do	do
James Jack	do	do
John H Nidich	do	do

Half Moon Township.

I V Gray	13	10 75
James Love	do	do

Huston Township

A T Bing & Co	13	10 75
J F Davis	do	do
Reuben Richards	14	7 75
Levi Womer	14	7 75
J F Williams (Martha Fur.)	do	do
Jno I Thompson	do	13

Liberty Township.

J I & E B Kunes (Blanchard)	13	10 75
Ligget Delong & co	do	do

Miles Township.

T N Wolf (Wolf's store)	13	10 75
John Sholl do	14	7 75
S Frank & Son (Rebersburg)	12	13 25
Ocker & Co (Madisonburg)	do	do

Marion Township.

H Yerick & Son	12	13 25
Holmes & Wilson	do	do

Milesburg Borough.

McClaim & Cook	14	7 75
A R Peters	do	do
Mrs C G Rayman	do	do
Jno Hibler	do	do
Jno S Lonneberger	do	do
Jno S Boggs	do	do
J S Proudfoot	do	do
Mary Case	do	do

Penn Township.

G W Stover	9	25 75
David Ertel	14	7 75
W J M'Manigal	13	10 75
W K Alexander	do	do
E C Campbell	14	7 75
J W Snook	13	10 75
J Eisenhuth	14	7 75
J D Foot	do	do
J F Chambers	do	do
J H Auman	do	do

Patton Township.

Sellers & Stine	14	7 75
Kate Murray	do	do
J W Bumbarger	do	do

Philipsburg Borough.

W L Harper	14	7 75
H M Herrington	do	do
Gray & Hysker	14	7 75
Josephine Flegal & Co	do	do
R M Test	do	do
C G Herlinger	do	do
T H Fleming	do	do
Thomas Hunt	do	do
N M Meyers	do	do
Bozas & Co	do	do
T H Switzer	do	do
G S Flegal	13	10 75
H Horman & Co	do	do
Matron Miller	10	20 75
Hoop Homes & Co	12	13 25
T Lego & Co	13	10 75
Strous Leman & Co	do	do
Jno D McGirk	14	7 75
O Adams	do	do
D Ayres	do	do
James Stewart	do	do
J B Gephart	do	do
M G Bock	do	do
W H McCauslain	do	do
W D & A Naugle	do	do
Hiram Harris	do	do
Jones Alport & Co	do	do
E Perks	do	do
Mrs C Durosa	do	do
Richard Hays	do	do
Geo A Zeigler	11	10 75
Kesler & Co	11	15 "
Richard Hays (Billiard)	8	30 "

Rush Township.

Jeffrey Hayes	14	7 75
Jno Haworth	do	do
Richard Langdon	do	do
Levi Gephart	do	do
Prter Smith	do	do
Jno Muttall	13	10 75
W J Jackson	do	do
Jno Miller & Son	do	do
E M Sturdivant	10	20 75

Snowshoe Township.

P B Krider & Son	14	7 75
Geo Shirk	do	do
A C Hinton	do	do
Herbert Williams	do	do
Jno Frazier	do	do
May Loeb & Co	10	20 75
J H Crissman & Bro	13	10 75

Spring Township.

H J Barnes	14	7 75
F S Heverly	do	do

Taylor Township.

Jno F Fowler	14	7 75
J Copenhaver distiller	9	25 75

Unionville Borough,

A J & T C Griest	11	15 75
Leathers & Buck	13	10 75
S A Martin	14	7 75

Walker Township.

Hueston & Rodgers	14	7 75
Henry Brown	13	10 75
David Solt	do	do

Worth Township.

Gray & Gingery	13	10 75
H M Hoover & Co	12	13 25
J M Purdue	14	7 75

NOTICE is hereby given to all concerned, that an appeal will be held by the subscriber at the Court House in Bellefonte, on 2nd day of June, 1874, between the hours of 9 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m. when persons aggrieved by the above classification will please attend, as there will be no further appeal thereafter.

ISAAC WOMER,
Mercantile Appraiser.

N. B.—The Act of Assembly of April 11, 1862, provides that license, assessed as above, must be paid to the County Treasurer on or before the first day of July, A. D. 1874. J. B. MITCHELL,
Treasurer of Centre Co.

STATEMENT OF REAL AND PERSONAL PROPERTY, IN CENTRE COUNTY, FOR THE YEAR A. D., 1874.

BOROUGHS AND TOWNSHIPS.	Aggregate valuee of all Real Estate	Aggregate value of Horses, Mules, &c	Aggregate val. of Cattle	Aggregate value of Value of household furniture including gold & silver plate	Aggregate value of pleasure carriages	Aggregate valuation of incomes from trades, corporations and professions	Aggregate amount of money at interest	Aggregate val. taxable for county purposes	Number and value of watches		Aggregate value of stages &c., kept for hire	
				Exof 300					NO.	VAL		
Bellefonte Boro	$ 970650	$ 14105	$ 3513	22150	$ 6375	48085	26762	1092240	62	$ 3455	$ 1675	40
Howard Boro	30854	1410	487	.....	310	4695	490	38246	11	280	.....	.....
Milesburg Boro	51705	1090	566	.....	40	8170	.....	61565	8	175	.....	.....
Philipsburg Bo'	91450	3650	640	.....	150	19650	1000	116540	12	480	.....	.....
Unionville Boro	23232	835	297	.....	160	4670	350	29744	4	140	.....	.....
Benner	229103	21677	5332	200	1185	11560	780	480047	3	100	.....	.....
Boggs	148735	10115	4726	.....	445	19815	.....	483836	5	170	.....	.....
Burnside	22682	2550	1153	.....	100	5000	.....	31587	16	325	.....	.....
Curtin	61269	4094	1151	100	360	2705	1875	71454	.....	.....	.....	.....
Ferguson	648284	46570	10365	.....	3015	10400	4700	738899	6	140	.....	.....
Gregg	642666	30522	8559	.....	3190	14320	9650	699307	3	120	.....	.....
Haines	549451	27855	9160	.....	4875	3600	16380	621301	12	405	.....	.....
Halfmoon	158976	12750	3466	.....	1295	5451	350	182258	.....	80	.....	.....
Harris	1106384	46012	11834	.....	5204	0085	47380	2378209	43	1355	100	
Howard	93320	7927	2290	125	638	12802	3226	120338	7	250	.....	.....
Huston	146884	9695	2905	.....	95	9421	1300	170360	.....	.....	.....	.....
Liberty	94970	7299	2504	.....	430	10103	.....	115206	2	50	.....	.....
Marion	182355	9245	2950	.....	1072	6855	1000	202877	.....	.....	.....	.....
Miles	284314	36416	7953	.....	5172	18745	4350	355941	7	70	.....	.....
Patton	128455	9815	2969	.....	655	5470	.....	146264	1	20	.....	.....
Penn	189055	17837	4668	.....	3692	14635	1146535	2503877	2	55	.....	.....
Potter	1147159	40900	10445	.....	5070	22730	1422	1227726	8	275

Farm, Garden and Household.

Medical Advice.

TO STOP THE FLOW OF BLOOD.—An exchange says there is no better use of fine cut tobacco than to bind it upon a fresh wound, and nothing will stop the flow of blood quicker.

GREEN SALVE.—One-quarter pound lard; one ounce rosin; one ounce beeswax; one drachm verdigris; melt and stir well. This is one of the best salves known for old sores, ulcers, cancers, scrofulous sores, cuts and wounds.

ARNICA LINIMENT.—Two ounces alcohol; one drachm tincture arnica. Unequaled for pains in the feet and limbs from walking; for all fresh or recent sprains, bruises or contused wounds, and for rheumatism of the joints and gouty pains.

BITTERS.—Take boneset, wild cherry bark and poplar bark; make an infusion by adding a quart of warm water; let it cool, and drink when thirsty. This is a certain cure for fever and ague. The writer received it from an Indian, and found it to be the master of ague.

ETHER.—From various American and English data concerning anæsthetics, it seems that ether is regarded as far safer than chloroform. It is stated, as the result of experiments and the comparisons of facts, that chloroform is eight times as dangerous as ether.

TOOTHACHE.—Nearly everybody has a cure for the toothache. Try this recipe: Take equal parts of pulverized alum and salt. Saturate a piece of cotton with hartshorn, cover with the mixture, and put in the tooth. Sometimes hartshorn alone will give relief.

RHEUMATISM REMEDY.—One Samuel Denton, Christianburg, Ohio, who had the rheumatism nineteen years, says the following is what cured him: "One quart rye whisky, one ounce wild cherry bark (root), one ounce prickly ash root, one ounce yellow dock root, one ounce spikenard root, one ounce gentian root, one ounce gum myrrh. If one bottle don't cure you, try another. Take three drinks a day. Two bottles cured me."

Cost of Homesteads.

As frequent inquiries are made of the price of securing a homestead upon the public lands under the Homestead act, we give the following figures as to what it costs a poor man to get a farm in Kansas:

For a grant of 160 acres, valued at $1.25 per acre, $14 (fees when entry is made;) $4 (fees on issue of certificate.)

For a grant of 80 acres, valued at $1.25 per acre, $7 (fees when entry is made;) $2 (fees on issue of certificate.)

For a grant of 40 acres, valued at $1.25 per acre, $6 (fee when entry is made;) $1 (fees on issue of certificate.)

For a grant of 80 acres, valued at $2.50 per acre, $13 (fees when entry is made;) $4 (fees on issue of certificate.)

For a grant of 50 acres, valued at $2.50 per acre, $8 (fees when entry is made;) $2 (fees on issue of certificate.)

To sum up, 160 acres cost $18; 80 acres, $9; 40 acres, $7. The $2.50 lands is that included within the limits of the railway grants, and only open to soldiers under the Homestead act. A soldier must settle on his claim until the time of settlement added to his term of service in the army makes up five years, which is the length of settlement required from settlers who have not served in army or navy.

Save the Sheep.

Please tell your readers who keep sheep, to provide themselves with a common nursing bottle, and when a lamb is dropped, whose dam does not afford milk enough for it, to feed it twice a day with cow's milk, warm from the cow, in addition to what the dam affords, and next fall they will have more and better lambs. Don't bother with a tea-spoon unless you want to fret and say wicked words. I see by your morning paper that sheep are suffering in some localities from stretches. Remedy—sure and simple: Steep thoroughwort very strong, sweeten with molasses, fill a quart bottle with it as warm as the patient can bear it, stand astride of its neck, put the left hand under the jaw, holding the head, and turn it down her throat, and if taken as soon as the disease shows itself, the cure has been sure and sudden in every case for thirty years, in my experience. If delayed too long, inflammation takes place, and although you may get an operation of the bowels, it often does no good. Don't wait a minute, but run for the herb, which is probably wrapped close in an old newspaper and plainly labelled. Steep strong, administer at once, and the thing is done.—*Kennebec Journal.*

What Ashes and Plaster Did.

The *Rural Home*, of Rochester, gives this bit of history:—During the year 1857 a man named Arthur Dugan went to the town of Palermo, N.Y., and bought sixty acres of dry sandy land, with here and there a little tendency to gravel. He paid $1,800 for it. He knew nothing about farming, being a machinist by trade. After paying for his land he had $200 left. He found his land was worn out. He began by buying ashes and plaster; would draw potatoes fourteen miles to Oswego, and load his team back with manure from the livery stables. His crops increased. His ashes were spread correspondingly thick. He raised principally potatoes and wheat. Now 2,000 bushels of ashes a year is about what he buys. His potatoes, for several years past, have averaged 250 bushels an acre; his winter wheat thirty bushels or over; and he has saved, from his farm alone, till he now holds $12,000 in bank stock, and would not sell his farm for $100 an acre. In 1869 he sold in potatoes and wheat over $2,400 worth. He is also known as the best farmer in the county.

Coal Ashes About Plum Trees.

M. H. Wooden, of Madison, Ind., says: "I had a very pretty plum tree in my yard last summer. It had but a few plums on it. It looked healthy, but the fruit fell off until only seven very imperfect plums remained. That fall I dug about the tree, cut away the grass, and spread coal ashes from the grates and stoves around it for two or three feet, and about two or three inches deep, and tramped the ashes lightly down. The following spring the tree leaved out nicely, was full of plums, and nearly all remained on until ripe—so full were the branches that I had to tie them up to support the weight. The fruit was quite perfect in size and shape, and I am sure the manner of treatment was the cause of the improvement. I think many fruit trees could be thus improved, both in the quality and quantity of fruit they would produce."

Treatment of Typhoid Fever.

If the body can be sustained till the fever has gone its course, health will result. Milk, of all things, seems best adapted for this purpose; for it is digestible, is relished by fever patients, contains all the requisite material for the nourishment of the entire body, the pervous system especially, which in fever is always greatly affected. Furthermore, in fever there is great thirst, and patients ardently long for that which will cool the parched mouth. Thus, by interdicting the use of water *in toto* throughout the fever, nourishment can always be given in the shape of cold new milk. Cold beef tea is by no means to be despised; but it is much less relished and not unfrequently loathed when the fever is intense, while milk is then taken with much gusto.

Rye Bread.

In two quarts of flour stir half a coffee cupful of yeast, a teaspoonful of salt, and enough warm water to moisten the flour, making a thick batter. Let it rise over night; in the morning stir it again; then put into pans without kneading, making it quite soft. Let it rise till very light, then bake an hour in a moderately heated oven. This bread makes a pleasant change from wheat; and when the slices are toasted and spread with butter they are really as delicious as healthful.

How Patrick proposes to get over his single blessedness—By proposing to Bridge-it.

Good Night.

Out of the shadows now I cry "Good night,"
To those who knew me when the world was bright,
When life was gladsome and my heart was light.

O friends, the darkness shuts me from you all;
It rises round me like an iron wall,
Albeit I hear afar kind voices call.

The night has come—a night that brings no rest,
With thronging phantoms of the past possess'd
A night that weighs alike on brain and breast.

O dim eyes blinded with excess of pain,
O feet that stumble though the ways be plain,
O aching heart and weary, restless brain!

If only slumber sought you from the night,
Sleep that were broken by no morning's light,
Sleep that no dream nor sudden noise could fright,

I would not sorrow, though the sun were set,
But O to cease from anguish and regret,
To fold the weary hands and straight forget!

But though the day be gone, I may not sleep,
Beside dead happiness my watch I keep,
Nor may I even linger here to weep.

But forth into the shadow I must go,
I see no star above my pathway glow,
And whither it may tend I do not know.

Will ever morning chase away the night?
I see no dawn—blank darkness wails my sight—
I have outlived my happiness. Good night.

AUNT SUE'S PANIC.

The most beautiful spot in England is Clovelly, in North Devon, made familiar to every reader by Kingsley's "Westward Ho." The view afforded from the village is not extensive, but it includes almost every element of natural beauty. On the west, the sea, down to which its single street descends so steeply that no wheeled conveyance, nor horses' hoofs, may traverse it; and a small but strongly built harbor, where the fishing-boats toss and tumble, or lie stranded on their sides, according as the tide is in or out. On the north and east, "wood overhanging wood, like cloud on cloud," and crowding to the cliff-tops, against whose bases the Atlantic wave forever beats and foams. Nothing but these objects—which for beauty, indeed, are all-sufficient—are to be seen by those who sojourn in Clovelly—these and a little strip of sky. The houses are too near their opposite neighbors to admit of more extensive vision. A noble park, however, stretches to southward; and beyond it, headland after headland, till the last of England's soil yields to the sea, and the knowledge of their proximity seems to fill up the measure of delight to those who gaze and gloat upon the present treasures. It is fair here, surpassing fair, but would be fair there also. There is no apprehension of overstepping the barrier of home beauties, and coming upon anything barren.

The houses in the little town are themselves most picturesque and pleasant—to the eye at least; and each of them, if not from porch or window, still from some crack or cranny familiar to its inmates, commands the fields in which all tenants of the place are laborers—the ocean. Whatever little coigne and vantage-ground of space there is beyond what is occupied by their dwellings and the narrow street, is filled with flowers; but in the centre of the village, at the beginnig of the winding steps that leads down to the harbor, there is a vacant spot, in which is placed a long low seat, where all that have toiled up the steps may stop and rest; and where in the calm eves, when toil is done, men come and sit, while the moon mounts the sky, and pours her splendor over wood and wave.

The village dwellings are of the humblest kind; and even the little inn which lords it over them, as being twice the size of any of its neighbors, is such as the fashionable or even commercial traveler may deem but a sorry resting-place; to others, however, of a more imaginative type, it will afford a richer accommodation than many a so-called "hotel." Its little rooms are furnished with rare china and curious ornaments, "picked up" by the Clovelly men, (who are all sailors), in many a distant land; and its fare, if plain, is of the best—the thickest cream, the freshest eggs, fish straight from the net, and such a store of jams, home-made, as makes the mouth water with the remembrance of them.

And yet in this earthly paradise the trail of the serpent is over all, in a certain "ancient fish-like smell" which pervades the whole lovely scene, and distracts one's thoughts from its marvelous beauty. The ocean breeze itself, as it comes up the woody cleft, is often tainted by it, and by the time it reaches one, speaks of the finny denizens of the pathless deep rather than of its cavernous cells. When there is no breeze, and the noonday sun beats down on the quaint village—which, notwithstanding its narrowness and the shades of the environing woods, it does with pitiless force—the ease is greatly worse. The unhappy visitor likens himself to one in a hot-bed, and a hot-bed of no very savory materials.

"Good Heavens!" said I to my nephew Frank Hotham, the artist, as we sat together at the window of the little inn, during such a noonday as I have described, glutting the eye with a noble feast, but much at the expense of our olfactory organs—"Good Heavens! suppose any epidemic was to break ont in this Eden here, not a soul would escape it!"

It was said without reflection, for Frank had his young wife and only child with him; whereas I, an old maid with no "ties," had but my own safety to look to; and directly I had uttered the remark, I regretted it.

"By Jove!" said he, with sudden nervousness, "I never thought of that, Aunt Sue; and there's not a doctor within five miles, I am told. Not that a doctor would avail one much, shut up in this cloven ravine without a breath of air. And there's small-pox about, too—isn't there?"

I hastened to say that I had never heard as much, as indeed I had not. If Frank had done so, the news had probably "gone in at one ear and out at the other," with him, as most things did which were not connected with his "art," as he called it. He was a really excellent landscape painter, but his devotion to his profession was a very serious nuisance to those who had to listen to his dissertations upon it. It was necessary not only to admire what one admired, but for the same identical reasons; and it was even still more obligatory to despise what he despised. If lawyers talked of law, authors of literature, or soldiers of war, in the same vague yet dogmatic style in which some painters speak of painting, conversation would become impossible. Frank seldom escaped from his "shop," and he compelled you to take his goods whether you would or not; but when he did escape, he was charming. Lucy and he were the handsomest young couple I have ever seen, and were devoted to one another, and to Baba. Baba was their little boy, just four years old, and their idol. I think they would have allowed, too, that he had a third worshiperin AuntSue. He always accompanied us in our excursions, and made the very prettiest figure conceivable in the "foreground" for his father's pictures. At home, too, on a wet day, he was quite a little treasure in his way; for he would sit or stand as still as a mouse, while he was being "worked in" on the canvas. A lay-figure such as painters use costs thirty pounds, which was beyond Frank's slender purse, so that he was always to get a sitter—a post which was no sinecure to him who filled it. Even Aunt Sue was pressed into the service occasionally, and then it was: "Steady, steady—Don't blink your eyes so much.—The right arm a little straighter—Bend more to the right—Throw a little pleasanter expression into the mouth, if you please—Thank you."

My brother, the rector, was a welcome guest with his artist son, but always averred that this was on account of his own venerable appearance. "You can't get a lay-figure, my boy, so you must put up with a clerical one." They had both a very pleasant wit; though, since Lucy and I were sometimes unable to "see the joke," we were wont to describe it as too subtle. Our very dullness, however, was the occasion of mirth with us; and when we laughed, that set Baba off, so that I don't think there was a merrier party in North Devon that summer than we four. It was all the sadder for me when the blow suddenly fell upon us, of which I alone was conscious, but which threatened to cloud all this brightness in the shadow of death.

The day, as I have said, was hot and steamy; but in the evening the air became delightful, and we all went down as usual to enjoy it upon the breakwater of the little harbor. Even then there was not a breath of wind, and though the tide was up, not a single one of all the fishing-vessels had yet returned. We saw the straggling fleet making their way home, indeed, but a long distance off, and they seemed to get no nearer; the broad blue sea was flecked with their white sails, as the sky is sometimes dotted by lines of wild geese clanging to their homes, only in this case there was no noise. The flowing wave sighed faintly as it reached the stone beneath us, like some exhausted swimmer who gains the shore with his last gasp. The tiny flag upon the rooftop above us could not flap, but hung heavily upon its staff. There were no other persons about the harbor but ourselves, but the witchery of the scene stilled our talk, and little Baba's prattle was the only sound that broke the silence of sea or shore. After a while it became the child's bedtime, and Lucy rose to accompany him to the inn. As I expressed my intention of remaining, Frank kindly offered to stay with me; but I knew how great were the attractions for him of seeing Baba in his bath and at his prayers, so I would not permit him to do so. "Clovelly is a very queer place," said I, "and its sailors are very enterprising; but I don't think that anybody—even in Clovelly—will think of running away with your Aunt Sue." And so I was left alone.

In that still summer night, with the quiet stars shining above me, and below me—for the great deep was like a mirror—an old woman like myself, you may say, reader, might have occupied her thoughts to better purpose; but instead of reflecting upon the transitoriness of life, and my latter days, I confess they were principally fixed on a certain picnic that was to take place upon the morrow. I had bespoken some cold meat and potted trout; but I was bent, if possible, on securing some fruit, principally on the child's account, and as a surprise.

Well, I had settled in my own mind about the fruit, and also which cushion of the sofa in our little sitting room would best suit to prop dear Lucy's back in the somewhat jolting carriage which we had engaged for the morrow, and was slowly toiling up the steps to the inn, when this occurred. Half-way up the steps, there is an ancient archway occupied as a dwelling-house; here I stopped to gather breath for the remainder of the ascent. It was almost dark by this time, and standing in the shadow of the arch, I was quite invisible to any passer-by who should not absolutely touch me. I had scarcely reached this resting place when my ear was struck by the faint and suppressed sobs of a woman. She was evidently in some room on the other side of the wall against which I leaned, and but for it I could have touched her with my hand.

"Dead, dead, dead!" she moaned. "Oh, what shall we do without our bread winner?"

I was about to knock at the cottage door, to see if I could be of any sort of comfort to this poor bereaved creature, when I heard the step of a man coming down the hill, so unsteady that I could not but conclude that he was in liquor. Such an occurrence is not an unexampled one in a fishing village, but I have a particular horror of a drunken person, and therefore shrank quickly back into my corner. The man came on, and stopped at the very door at which I had been about to knock.

"In tears! Why, what's the matter, lass?" I heard him say.

"Matter enough, man," returned she, in heart-rending tones. "Our Polly's dead!" And once more she burst into sobs.

"Dead?" repeated he, in a dull, dazed way, as though he could not picture to himself the dread reality. "Don't say she's dead!"

"Hush! Don't speak so loud, man. Yes, she is dead, and dead of——" And then she appeared to whisper something in his ear.

Great Heaven! What was it that the poor woman had died of, that those two should be so secret about it? A terrible conviction flashed upon me that the hideous disease of which Frank and I had spoken that very morning had actually broken out, in the place of all others where we had most cause to fear it.

"You will not breathe a word about it, Alec," continued the sobbing voice. "It is bad enough as it is; but if it can be known how she came by her end, it will be even worse."

For an instant it struck me that the poor creature whose death they were discussing had been put out of the world by foul play, and such is the selfishness of human nature (though, to do me justice, the thankfulness would not have been on my own account,) that I should have been almost thankful for such a solution of the affair. The next few words, however, convinced me of my mistake.

"Can I see her?" inquired the man, gravely, his fuddled brains appearing to have become cleared a little by the greatness of his loss. "If I had thought her to have been so bad, I would not have gone up-street to the alehouse."

"You couldn't have saved her, Alec; naught could have saved her, and naught but harm could come now of going to look at her. The only thing to be done is to keep all quiet. She is a heavy loss to us and the bairns; but we shall be well nigh ruined if the inn folks should be frightened away from us."

The inn folks! Here was a family who evidently derived their living from the customers at the inn. The man perhaps had a boat for hire; the woman doubtless took in the washing of the visitors—our washing amongst others! Whether it was small-pox or scarlet fever, we were equally doomed if any article was used from that cottage; and I silently resolved that it should not be used. The things from the wash, the landlady informed me, would be sent home towards the end of the week; and in the meantime I would devise some excuse for leaving Clovelly without, if possible, giving any shock to poor Lucy.

"But how are we to help the inn folks and every one else from knowing it?" urged the man. "We must get the certificate——"

"Whist! Come in. I've a plan to manage that." Then the door closed behind him, and I heard the steps of both of them ascending some rickety stairs to the upper floor.

Though almost breathless with terror, I contrived to staggor away from the hateful house, the very touch of which seemed to be contagious, and reached the bench of which I have spoken, at the top of the steps, and there I sat down to think the matter out.

The atmosphere was as heavy as wool, and dry as Gideon's fleece. How the morrow's sun would scorch up that narrow street, and fructify the seeds of disease and death! The least itching in my limbs or features seemed to be the precursor of small-pox, and every flush the herald of scarlet fever. I saw Lucy's frightened looks when the news should first be told her of the enemy that had made its appearance amongst us, and her hopeless face as she bent over her dying boy. Of course it was wrong and wicked in me, and showed a great want of faith; but, at all events, my fears were not for myself. I thought of the delicate mother and her frail child, and of dear, handsome Frank smitten down in his youth and happiness.

Of course we could not leave the village that night, but I resolved to hasten our departure for the projected picnic as much as possible, and that, once away, we should never return to Clovelly. I would tell Frank what had happened at the place it had been agreed on that we should dine, and then he would break the news to his wife, and we would take up our quarters elsewhere—in some town that had a resident doctor—and await our fate. If the disease was in the air, as the papers said, we should probably carry it with us; but at all events we should be in a better position to combat it than where we were at present. To be in Clovelly, as it seemed to us, was to lie down in our coffins at once; and indeed there was not much more room to turn round in it. My morbid fancy pictured a sad procession winding up that very street, carrying on their shoulders a dreadful something with a white pall upon it, and which contained our little Baba.

When I reached the inn I found, to my great relief, that all our party had retired to rest; for, indeed, to have to converse cheerily with any of my dear ones with such a burden on my mind would have been a terrible ordeal; but the good landlady was up and about, and as brisk as usual.

"I'm afraid, ma'am, you won't get your clothes from the laundresses quite so soon as I had expected," were her first words, "for her sister, who helps her with the washing, has fallen ill. All the small things shall, however, be sent without fail, she says."

My heart seemed to stop beating, yet I somehow contrived to say that there was no hurry about the things. If so much as a collar or a pair of cuffs had come, I would have burnt them with my own hands. I occupied myself at once with packing up not only my own clothes, but all of Lucy's that I could lay hands on, in order that they might be ready to send after us, and then retired to bed—not to rest, but to think and fear.

In the morning, Frank got up betimes, as was his custom, to go down to bathe. As he ran whistling down the stairs, I thought with a shudder how he would have to pass the infected house, and perhaps bring back with him the very peril from which I would have preserved him; still I dared not speak. I knew his nervous organization, and that he would not be able to keep the dreadful secret from Lucy for a single hour. At breakfast, all save myself were in the highest spirits, looking forward to their day of pleasure, and even planning others to be enjoyed "while this beautiful warm weather lasted."

It seemed to me as though the poor deluded creatures were dancing upon the brink of their own graves.

At last I got them off, and we walked together to the top of the hill, which was the nearest spot to which a carriage could be brought, and began our journey. Every mile which we put between ourselves and the village took a load from my heart, and yet they rallied me upon my silence. I did my best to seem like myself, but the effort was beyond my power. Every ring of Baba's laughter went through me like a knell, and I feared to speak, lest I should utterly break down and burst into tears.

At our first halting-place, however, the long-looked-for opportunity offered itself of conferring with Frank alone, and I told him all the wretched story.

To my intense horror, when I had quite done, his only reply was a roar of laughter. At first, I thought his fears for Lucy and the child had driven him out of his senses.

"Be a man," said I, "and help me to do the best we can."

"But, my dear Aunt Sue, it's all a mistake," cried he: "I heard all the story of Polly's death this morning, and what she died of. *Polly's a cow*; and the foolish woman it belonged to thought it had died of the *cattle plague*. Her husband was too drunk last night to find that this was not the case; but this morning he has been making merry with his wife's mistake."

"But, Frank, she said that it was their bread-winner!"

"So it was, in a sense, because they supply the milk to our inn; and if the creature had really had the disease, of course all their other cows would have had to be destroyed. As to the sick washerwoman, who does not happen to live in the village at all, I was told, at the little post-office this morning, among other local intelligence, that she has got hay-fever. That's not a fever to be afraid of."

I burst into tears, threw myself into Frank's arms, and fainted away.

When I came to myself, Lucy was wetting my forehead with eau-de-Cologne, and Baba fanning me assiduously with the "Guide-book to North Devon," while my nephew was regarding their united efforts with a face in which concern struggled with a very strong sense of the ridiculous.

"Frank," whispered I, imploringly, "don't tell them that I packed up your things, or anything about it."

And he never did.

"It was the heat that had overcome me," he said; only half a dozen times during the day the rogue would inquire—"How's Polly?—I mean Aunt Sue."

Except for that, I never enjoyed a picnic more.

Sergeant Bates Again.

Sergeant Bater is preparing a grand sensation for the world.

While in Chicago recently he announced his programme. The plan is nearly arranged, and he leaves for London in about ten days to carry it into effect. It is briefly as follows:

America, England, France, Spain, Germany, Russia, Belgium, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, Austria, Sweden and Italy will each furnish one ex-soldier of their respective armies to make a grand peace march through the countries named. Each soldier will be mounted on a black horse, bearing the flag of his country, while leading the battalion will be one on a white horse, who will carry a white banner, labeled, "Peace on earth, and good will to men."

This cavalcade, which will be led by Sergeant Bates, will start from Amsterdam, and will visit in turn Hamburg, Stockholm, St. Petersburg, Berlin, Dresden, Vienna, Venice, Rome, Florence, Geneva, Paris, London and some other places in Europe. They will then embark at Liverpool for the United States, and after visiting Washington, will commence a march to the West, passing through New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois to Chicago. The march will probably not begin until next spring, though the London parties desire to start at once. Sergeant Bates expects to reach Chicago in about five months from the time his flags are unfurled at Amsterdam.

Absurd and silly as this contemplated pilgrimage may seem, it might yet strongly arouse the people, and the march of the fourteen may yet be as famous as the 600 who roused Paris to frenzy as they tramped through France to the sound of the Marseillaise.—*Exchange.*

Good Hints for Everybody.

The way to get credit is to be punctual; the way to preserve it is not to use it much. Settle often; have short accounts. Trust no man's appearance; appearances are deceitful, perhaps assumed for the purpose of obtaining credit. Beware of gaudy exteriors; rogues, usually dress well. The rich are plain; trust him, if any one, who carries but little on his back. Never trust him who flies into a passion on being dunned, but make him pay quickly if there be any virtue in the law. Whenever you meet a man fond of argument, you will meet one profoundly ignorant of the operations of the human heart.

Mind your own affairs. Let all the errors you see in other management suggest correctness in your own.

The Cleansing of Wounds.

The attention of the Clinical Society of London has been drawn to Dr. Callender's method of dressing wounds, as practiced by him in the wards of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, in that city. He says that by the use of camel-hair brushes, the cleansing of a wound is not a painful process; and a further recommendation is, that the employment of sponges and other materials, commonly used for cleansing wounds, and which some surgeons believe to be a frequent cause of the passage of infectious material from one patient to another, is thus done away with.

XLIIId CONGRESS.

SENATE.

Mr. Wright, of Iowa, introduced a bill in relation to salaries and the civil service. It provides for a reduction, from and after the first day of next October, of 10 per cent. in the compensation of officers and employees of the Senate, except clerks of committees, which it proposes to cut down 30 per cent.

The bill to increase the pay department of the army, fixing the number of paymasters at fifty, with the rank, pay and emoluments of majors of cavalry, passed by a vote of 21 to 18. Should the bill become a law, six new appointments in the paymaster's department will be made.

The credentials of Wm. R. Washburn, successor to Mr. Sumner, were laid before the Senate, and Mr. Washburn took the oath of office as Senator of the United States.

The House bill appropriating $90,000 for the relief of persons suffering by the overflow of the Mississippi river was reported and passed.

Mr. Chandler, of Mich., reported with amendments the bill to define a gross of matches, to provide for uniform packages and for other purposes. Placed on the calendar. It requires that all friction matches manufactured in the United States shall be put up in packages, each containing either fifty or one hundred matches, or some multiple of one hundred, and that each package shall be distinctly marked with the number contained therein; also, that each gross shall contain 14,400 matches.

Mr. Ramsey, of Minn., called up the Senate bill to revive and continue certain grants of land heretofore made to the Territory and State of Minnesota to aid in the construction of the several lines of the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad Company. Passed—yeas, 28, nays, 12.

Mr. Stewart, of Nev., introduced a bill to reimburse legislative counsel of the District of Columbia and provide for the government thereof.

The House having returned the bill appropriating $90,000 for the relief of persons suffering by the overflow of the Mississippi river, on motion of Mr. Pease, of Mississippi, the vote by which the bill was passed was reconsidered, and that gentleman offered an amendment appropriating $250,000 instead of $90,000. Referred to the Committee on Appropriations.

Mr. Boutwell, of Mass, submitted an amendment to the Civil Rights bill, providing that its provisions shall apply to schools and public institutions of learning or benevolence authorized by law and endowed by the United States, or hereafter endowed by any State or the United States.

Mr. Pratt, of Indiana, from the Committee on Pensions, reported back the bill amendatory to the Act granting pensions to certain soldiers and sailors of the War of 1812, and to restore to the pension rolls those persons whose names were stricken therefrom in consequence of their disloyalty to the Government. Placed on the calendar.

HOUSE.

Mr. Negley, of Penn., asked leave to offer a resolution instructing the Committee on Military Affairs to prepare and report a bill to amend the act of the 5th of June, 1872, relative to soldiers' and sailors' homesteads, so as to allow honorably discharged soldiers and sailors, their widows and orphan children to acquire homesteads on the public lands, without being required to commence settlement and improvement.

The amendment to the appropriation bill striking out the paragraph requiring the department clerks to work seven hours a day instead of six was struck out. A number of amendments were made to the bill and it passed.

Mr. Kasson, of Iowa, introduced a bill to amend the act for the redemption of the three per cent. temporary loan certificates and for an increase of national bank notes. Referred to the Committee on Banking.

Mr. Eames, of R. I., introduced a bill to amend the National currency acts, and to establish free banking. Referred to the Banking Committee.

Mr. O'Neil, of Pa., presented a petition for the equalization of bounties so as to entitle private in the Marine Corps to the benefits of the bounty laws.

The House took up the Senate amendments to the House bill relative to the Louisville and Portland Canal. The debate, which lasted over three hours, was closed by Mr. Wheeler, of N. Y., who offered an amendment to the effect that no money should be paid out except as it unless the State of Kentucky should cede to the United States jurisdiction over the canal, with all its property and appurtenances, and should relinquish to the United States the right to assess it so long as the United States shall remain the owner, and should pay to the United States all taxes assessed and collected on the canal from the passage of the act until such cession. The amendment was rejected—yeas, 73 to 143—and the bill was then passed without a division.

Mr. Hazleton, of Wis., from the Election Committee, made a report on the Utah contested election, that Mr. Cannon, the sitting member, is entitled to the seat, and that Mr. Maxwell, the contestant, is not. He gave notice that he would call it up for action hereafter, and he gave notice that he would then offer a resolution reciting that Mr. Cannon, the sitting member, is openly living with a woman as his wife, under the pretended sanction of a system of polygamy, to the great scandal and disgrace of the people and Government of the United States; and providing for the appointment of a committee to inquire into the matter, and to recommend such action as shall seem meet and proper.

Mr. Butler, of Mass., introduced a bill providing for free banking and the issue of national bank notes equal to $10 per inhabitant, according to the census of 1870. Also authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to withdraw legal tenders to the amount of twenty-five per cent. of the additional issue of national bank notes until the legal tender circulation is reduced to $356,000,000, such retired legal tenders to be held as a reserve, to be used in case of emergency.

Mr. Mellish, of N. Y., introduced a bill to regulate the payment of customs duties, and to secure a par in value of gold, United States Treasury notes, and national bank notes.

Mr. McKee, of Miss., from the Committee on Territories, asked and obtained leave for that committee to report for action a bill for the admission of New Mexico as a State.

Mr. Southard, of Ohio, moved to suspend the rules and adopt a resolution directing the Committee on Banking and Currency to report what legislation is necessary to secure a fair and equitable apportionment of the whole remaining volume of national bank circulation among the several States and Territories, according to the wealth, population, and business interests. Agreed to. The preamble to the resolution recites that there are now issues of circulation in the Eastern States of $70,620,046, and in the Middle States of $9,416,503, and a deficiency in the District of Columbia and the Southern and Southwestern States of $51,088,903, in the Western States of $21,421,811, and in the Pacific States and Territories of $7,625,586.

Mr. Kasson, of Iowa, moved to suspend the rules and pass the bill to provide for a more equitable distribution of national bank currency. The motion was seconded in the midst of much confusion—93 to 54.

Spring Maladies.

In the olden time, as some of our readers may remember, the opinion generally prevailed, that as the thermometer rose above the degree marked temperate and lighter clothing became comfortable, something must be done to purify the blood. But, unfortunately, the means then resorted to do not command the admiration of a modern, hygienist. They were bleeding and salts, calomel and jalap, and pills innumerable. There was, however, a basic truth in the idea that the more sedentary and in-door habits of the cold season and the still worse habit of extra hydro-carbonaceous feeding—butter, sugar, lard, pork, gravy, etc.—occasioned obstructions of the excretory organs, the liver, skin, kidneys, bowels and lungs, rendering special attention to the general depurating function expedient. But, thanks to the health educators of the race, the people are rapidly learning better preventives of disease, and better remedies than poisonous drugs. Few persons seem to be aware that the whole range of maladies which are more prevalent in early spring are attributable to personal habits; and very few physicians ever intimate, if they are aware, that what the people eat and drink during the winter is the most efficient cause of what they suffer in summer. The preventive measures, therefore, may be all summed up in the words, wholesome regimen.

But when the spring maladies appear, whether in the shape of humors, boils, catarrh, influenza, epizooty, pneumonia, rheumatism, erysipelas, sick-headache, etc., "Do thyself no harm." Take no drug stuff. Lose no blood. Submit to no blistering. Neither vomit nor purge. Sweat not. Swallow no hard cider. Do not even bother with herb tea. But bathe daily, diet abstemiously, exercise moderately, prefer vegetable food, drink only water, eschew seasonings, give nature a chance. These terrible ailments, for which so many are drugged to death every spring of every year, are manifestations of a remedial process—an effort of the vital organism to rid itself of noxious matters. Do not thwart this process, nor arrest it, nor suppress it, nor cure it. But favor it in all possible ways, that purification may be complete and restoration to health perfect. —*Science of Health.*

PARLOR MATCHES.—A Great Barrington (Mass.) merchant found a box of parlor matches on the store floor the other morning, which had been knocked off the shelf by a rat or mouse over night. On opening the box the discovery was made that by the concussion every match in the box had been lighted, and the wood of which they were made was charred and turned brown. It was a narrow escape, and if a fire had taken place, its cause would have been a perpetual mystery.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

A man named Nelson and his wife were arrested at Windsor, Ontario, on a charge of being concerned in the murder of Corkindale, a resident of Strathroy, whose mutilated body was found in the River Sydney about ten days ago. Twelve persons are in custody charged with complicity in this crime, and still another is wanted.....A three-story frame dwelling at 138 Stockton street, Brooklyn, fell in, burying nine workmen in its ruins, and killing the master mason and plumber, who were at work in it.....A letter from a planter in Carroll Parish, La., says that from the overflow there will be twenty-seven plantations in this parish that will make no cotton at all, eleven that may make a half crop, and twenty-nine that are good for a full crop.....Dutch Heinrich engaged a cabin passage on the steamer Hammonia, which sailed for Hamburg, and he paid $100 additional for the use of an extra room. When he arrived on the wharf, however, the company's agents would not allow him to go on board, because the passengers had learned who he was, and pretested against his going on the same vessel with them. His money was returned. He is broken down in health, and was going to Germany to die.....Boston has subscribed $15,000 to the Louisiana relief fund.....It is rumored that the Spanish Carlists have released all their prisoners of war.....During a gale a small boat was seen going down in Lake Ontario. When four miles below Consicon, Ont., the boat capsized and a man was seen clinging to the bottom, but he soon disappeared. The skiff floated ashore.....Three million reals, intended for the Carlists, have been seized in Santander.....Alexander Ellis, colored, has recovered $100 from the Narragansett Steamship Company for refusing him a seat at dinner in the dinning room of the steamer Providence. At a previous trial the plaintiff was awarded $400, but the verdict was set aside on a question of law.....Mr. Milbach, a commercial traveler, en route from Goliad to Boeville, Texas, in an ambulance, accompanied by a negro driver, was attacked by three bandits. One tied Milbach while the others were searching for money and valuables. Milbach succeeded in getting one arm loose, and, drawing a pistol concealed under his coat, killed two of the highwaymen, but was himself killed by the third. The negro managed to escape with the money and valuables, amounting to several thousand dollars.

Prof. Forster of Berlin announces the discovery of a planet by Palisa, in right ascension 15 hours 20 minutes, declination 17 degrees 45 minutes, tenth magnitude.....Although Congress passed a bill for the relief of the sufferers by the overflow on the lower Mississippi, it has been found that no supplies can be spared from the various military stations in that region. Therefore, the Secretary of War directed the Commissary of Subsistence to purchase 500,000 rations of meat, flour, beans, and rice; and, to carry the law into effect, asks an appropriation of $90,000. The estimate is based on an issue to 20,000 persons for twenty-five days.....The Suez Canal troubles have been settled. M. de Lesseps has accepted the tonnage rates prescribed by the International Commission.....A man named McGraw, living three miles west of Lansing, Mich., left his family—consisting of five motherless children, the oldest nine years—asleep in bed, to go on an errand to a neighbor's. When he returned, about 11 P. M., he found his house burned down, with everything it contained, except children, bureau and cat. All the children would have perished if they had not been awakened by the cat pawing their faces and screeching as only an excited cat can.....A terrible accident took place at Hong Kong to the mail steamer Wan Loong. The vessel carried a cargo, but accounts vary as to the exact number of persons on board. It is generally believed, however, that there were between 200 and 300. She got clear of her moorings all right, but in taking a turn to come under the stern of a small German yacht lying near, she gave a roll inward in the circle she was describing. On her upper decks were a large number of Chinese, and at the sway they all ran to the other side, a movement which at once brought the vessel over. The dead weight at the low side kept her from righting herself again, and her slanting attitude prevented these on the top from getting to the high side. So the vessel went right over and at once sank. Just before she went down, a wild cry arose from those on board. Over 100 lives were lost.

Hugh McCulloch, ex-Secretary of the Treasury, approves of President Grant's financial veto in a communication to the London *Times*.....Mayor Hunter, of Brooklyn, is determined to hold the Inspector of Buildings responsible for the loss of life caused by the falling of the building in Stockton street.....The bill to incorporate Speer's New York City Rapid Transit Company was passed by the N. Y. State Senate by a vote of 17 to 4.....The dividends payable in Boston in May amount to a little over three and a half million dollars.....A boiler at Jessup's saw mill, near Richmond, Ind., exploded, killing John Alexander and injuring four other employees.....A man named Mitchell, a grinder in the Thayer Scythe Works, in West Winsted, was instantly killed by the bursting of a grindstone.....Jesse Pomeroy, the boy with the white eye, and the supposed murderer of the boy Horace H. Millin, was arraigned in the Boston Municipal Court, and fully committed without bail.....William Brunt and his two sons, aged twelve and nine, while fishing on the lake, a few miles from Halifax, N. S., fell through the ice and were drowned.

Glad Tidings for the Slaves of King Alcohol.

How many a manly form is palsied; how many a noble mind is destroyed; how many a priceless soul lost through the curse of strong drink! To the despairing victims of the Satanic tyrant, Alcohol, whose shattered nerves, and trembling limbs, and racking headaches, seem to find no relief except in the renewed use of the fatal poison which brings them every day nearer to their miserable end, we announce glad tidings of great joy! DR. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS contain not a single drop of alcohol in any form, but are a sovereign remedy for the ills of drunkenness. They restore tone and strength to the system, and entirely eradicate the pernicious appetite for liquor. Try a few bottles of VINEGAR BITTERS, and you will never crave strong spirits again, but find your health repaired, your mind restored, and be once more a man in the best sense. Health is cheap when VINEGAR BITTERS are $1 a bottle.—*Com.*

"For the Blood is the Life."

See Deuteronomy Chap. xii. verse 23. The blood being the source from which our systems are built up and from which we derive our mental as well as physical capabilities, how important that it should be kept pure. If it contains vile festering poisons all organic functions are weakened thereby.